



THE LITERARY DIGEST



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TOPICS OF THE DAY



THE THIRD-PARTY CALL

NOT A "DRESS PARADE," but a "fight to the finish," is what we are going to have this fall, declares Senator Dixon, campaign manager of the new National Progressive Party, whose convention has been called to meet in Chicago on August 5; and editors and politicians are trying to puzzle out what the finish will be. At present, predictions range freely through all the possibilities. One possible development frequently discussed is that Colonel Roosevelt may poll enough votes to prevent any candidate having a majority in the Electoral College, thereby throwing the election into the House of Representatives—a situation which actually occurred eighty-eight years ago and resulted in the election of John Quincy Adams. But a more immediate possibility is that a considerable number of Republican electors who since the Chicago Coliseum convention have been counted for Taft will actually cast their votes in the Electoral College for Colonel Roosevelt. Thus the Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun* (Ind.), a paper under no temptation to apply rosy hues to the third-party prospect, reports:

"This question of electors is really assuming alarming proportions for the Taft people and is by all odds the biggest problem that National Chairman Hilles and his advisers have to tackle. Many in Washington expect to see court proceedings between the Roosevelt and Taft people before the row is over, and doubt is expressed whether even a judicial decision on the question would clear the situation except perhaps in the State where the decree was handed down.

"All told, there are close to 100 electors already nominated who are Roosevelt men, but whose names will be on the regular Republican ticket. Many of these electors have said flatly that they would vote for Roosevelt, and most of the others are leaning toward that course of action. These Roosevelt Republican electors were selected of course by the regular Republican organizations in the States controlled by the Roosevelt forces. Now that President Taft has been nominated, the leaders in control of some of these State organizations refuse to acknowledge Mr. Taft as the regular Republican nominee and assert that they are not bound to support Mr. Taft.

"This situation means that President Taft either has got to run his chances by accepting the Roosevelt electors nominated by the regular Republican State organizations or else he will have to put an independent set of electors in the field. The nomination of an independent set can be brought about by petition, but if the President has to resort to this course he will find that in several States his right will be questioned to run the independent set of electors under the heading of the Republican party.

"The Roosevelt State leaders in control of the State organiza-

tions will contend that they alone are entitled to the use of the name. The President therefore may find himself obliged to resort to court proceedings to get the names of his electors under the Republican emblem.

"The Roosevelt people, on the other hand, in several States where the regular Republican organizations have chosen electors favorable to the Colonel, are planning to have the same sets of electors named on the third party, or Bull Moose, ticket. The President's friends acknowledge that the mix-up will be frightful if Mr. Taft is obliged to nominate separate lists of electors in addition to those on the regular Republican ticket and those to be named on the Bull Moose ticket."

"With the Iowa Republican convention rejecting a Taft indorsement by a two-thirds vote and cheering Roosevelt for twenty minutes, and with one hundred of the Republican nominees for electors throughout the country declaring for Roosevelt without regard to electoral instructions, the Colonel seems to have found the nucleus of a pretty solid Presidential campaign to begin with," remarks the *New York American* (Dem.). This plan of procedure in regard to the Roosevelt electors on the Republican ticket is justified by the Progressives on the ground that the Republican nomination was stolen from Colonel Roosevelt in Chicago, and that President Taft is therefore "not the nominee of the Republican rank and file." Colonel Roosevelt himself, according to an Oyster Bay correspondent, declares emphatically that "no honest man who was put on as a Republican elector at the primaries last spring can fail to record his vote against Mr. Taft." But the *New York Tribune* (Rep.) protests that a third party resorting to such tactics can not afford to harp on high moral issues. We read:

"If there is to be a third party after this plan it will wear a mask in the States where it is strongest. It will be a thing of false pretenses in a large part of the Union. It will not have the honesty to come out and call itself the Progressive party wherever the Roosevelt faction possesses the Republican party machinery. There is dignity in a bolt for the sake of principles. But there is no dignity in calling a movement a bolt for the sake of principles when it is merely a factional fight for the control of party machinery. The third party won't be a party at all if the Colonel allows the interests of his professional political supporters to be consulted in its formation. It won't even have the same name all over the country. It will be part inside the Republican party, and treacherously there, and part outside of it. It will be part under cover and part in the open."

While the regular Republican papers like the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* jeer at what they call "Colonel Roosevelt's

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forlorn hope" and characterize the third-party activities as "shooting in the air," and while the Democratic press insist that the nomination of Woodrow Wilson makes another progressive candidate on a third-party ticket worse than superfluous, the Roosevelt papers maintain unflinchingly that the only hope for real reform lies in a third party. "Wilson's success

An Oyster Bay correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing on July 4, quotes him in part as follows:

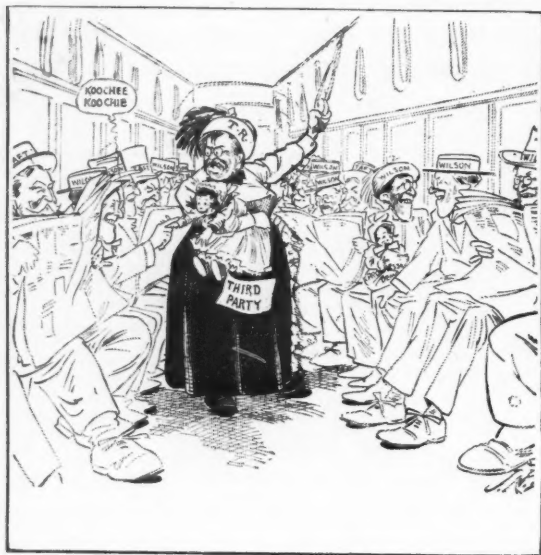
"Neither platform of the two old parties shows the slightest comprehension or understanding of the social and industrial movements that are shaking the very foundations of this Government. The Democrats as well as the Republicans have taken up with the same old time-worn policies and the same battle-cries. They have no understanding of the kind of movements that all serious, thinking people are dwelling upon in these times of social and industrial unrest.

"What the new Progressive party is aiming to get is better conditions of life for the ordinary wage-earner and the mass of toilers. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party by their platforms show any disposition to get at one of the greatest problems of the time—the high cost of living—or to make any effort intelligently to understand the conditions or to ascertain what the facts are that are responsible for such an unexampled economic condition."

Some of the anti-Roosevelt papers declare that the new party has no issue to present except the issue of Rooseveltism, and that to cover the lack it is trying to establish proprietary rights over the Ten Commandments and similar moral propositions which, as the *Pittsburg Gazette-Times* (Rep.) remarks, "would be subscribed to by every citizen out of jail." "The country is quite weary of the 'Stop Thief' business as an issue in itself," exclaims the New York *Evening Post*, to which the Washington *Times* promptly replies:

"But advices from the country are quite to the contrary and justify the belief that with *The Post* the thought is fathered by the wish. The entire campaign of 1912 is going to be predicated upon the 'Stop Thief' issue which was created at Chicago, for the simple and sufficient reason that the people intend to force that as an issue. It was their right to rule which was stolen, and the theft of the right of a people to rule strikes at the very foundation of popular government. There can be no greater issue. . . .

"The country, which means the people, are not weary of the issue. On the contrary, they are just beginning to take it up in deadly earnest. After they have recovered their stolen rights and driven the thieves out of public life they will then settle



HOW ABOUT ROOM FOR THE LADY?
—Darling in the New York Globe.

means the perpetuation of the Democratic bosses," declares Mr. Munsey's *Washington Times*, "because the same election that would carry him into the Presidential chair would also carry the representatives of these notorious State bosses into Congress, and it would also perpetuate the State machines of these bosses in their respective commonwealths."

The convention call of the new party, signed by representatives of forty States, is addressed "to the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences, who, through repeated betrayals, realize that to-day the power of the crooked political bosses and of the privileged classes behind them is so strong in the two old party organizations that no helpful movement in the real interests of our country can come out of either."

The *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.), *Indianapolis News* (Ind.), *Providence Journal* (Ind.), *Springfield Republican* (Ind.), and *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) are among the many papers which lightly dismiss the new party as a one-man, personally conducted affair. To the *New York World* (Dem.) it represents "not progressive Democracy, but Democracy in retreat, seeking refuge in the arms of the strong man."

Turning to the specific issues on which the new party will take its stand, we find a certain lack of definiteness and detail in the statements so far issued—a condition explained by the *Washington Times* on the ground that the movement "deals with moral, not political, aspects," and "is too big to be hampered by considerations of mere expediency." "The call," remarks the *Chicago Post*, approvingly, "distinctly refuses to delimit the issues upon which the proposed party shall be formed." The broad issue, says another Roosevelt paper, is "whether government is to be a private industry or a public enterprise." While admitting that "a 'call' is not a platform," the *Chicago Record-Herald* (Ind.) warns the new party that "it must start with definite ideas and concrete proposals." Colonel Roosevelt himself, according to Oyster Bay correspondents, has indicated that the high cost of living, tariff revision, and trust regulation will figure prominently in the platform when it is constructed.



A MODERN PAUL REVERE.
—Bowers in the Jersey City Journal.

down to a consideration of how they wish to exercise these rights—in favor of high tariff or free trade, in favor of trust-busting or trust regulation, in favor of the Aldrich banking system or against it.

"In this campaign the one, big, all-important issue is to stop the thief. It is an issue in itself and the people are not going to lose sight of it."



A SACRIFICE HIT.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.



WELCOMING THE LITTLE STRANGER.
—Carter in the Boston Journal.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

WORK AND WAGES AT LAWRENCE

A PICTURE of "life that is a cruel struggle for bare subsistence," is presented in Commissioner Neill's report upon the Lawrence strike, which was submitted to the Senate a few days ago, observes the *New York Tribune*. And the Socialist *New York Call* describes the account given of conditions in the New England mill city as "a sordid tale, told in dollars and cents, human lives, brutality, official incompetency, merciless exploitation, and hunger." The full-time earnings of more than 7,000 woolen-mill employees were found by the Commissioner of Labor to be less than \$7 a week. In order to obtain the bare necessities of life, the normal family of five had to supply two wage-earners. Massachusetts law forbids the employment of children under fourteen, hence many mothers of younger children must arrange for the care of their little ones in the country or with neighboring families while they work. It is no wonder, declares *The Tribune*, "that a slight cut in the wages of people living like these, just out of the reach of starvation, caused a bitter and angry contest." Such industrial conditions "are the danger spots of society to-day," and "when anything happens to make the struggle for existence harder among such workers, revolutionary agitators like the Industrial Workers of the World receive a ready hearing."

The report on the Lawrence strike made by the Bureau of Labor was ordered by a resolution offered by Senator Poindexter. It is spoken of in the press as thoroughgoing, and so voluminous that the Senate ordered only copies enough to be printed for the Senate document-room. Brief summaries and excerpts, however, appear in the daily papers. Three-fourths of the 85,892 inhabitants of Lawrence, we learn, are directly dependent upon the mills there. The conditions under which these 60,000 earn a livelihood are thus set forth in paragraphs of the report which we find quoted in the *New York World*:

"The actual economic condition of the families of the workers of the textile-mills of Lawrence can not be easily pictured by a mere statement of individual earnings. But it is obvious from the figures that the full earnings of a large number of adult employees are entirely inadequate to maintain a family. Thus, the full-time earnings of 7,275 employees (about one-third of the 21,922 operatives covered in this investigation) are less than \$7 a week. Of these 7,275 who earn less than \$7 a week, 5,294

were over eighteen years of age, and 36 per cent. of these were males.

"The average wage for the entire 21,922, or one-third of the total number of people in Lawrence fourteen years of age or over, was 16 cents an hour. Approximately one-fourth—23.3 per cent.—earned less than 12 cents an hour, and about one-fifth—20.4 per cent.—earned 20 cents an hour or over. . . .

"The normal family of five, unless the father is employed in one of the comparatively few better-paying occupations, is compelled by necessity to supply two wage-earners in order to obtain the necessities of life. If the father has not at least one child old enough to work, it becomes necessary for the wife to enter the mill to supplement the earnings of the husband in order to maintain the family.

"Where, as is often the case, the father and mother and three or more children are at work and contribute their earnings to a common fund, the family can live in comfort and lay aside weekly savings. But the condition of the head of the family in one of the poorer-paid occupations, with children so young as to necessitate the mother remaining at home to care for them, is one of extreme hardship.

"Necessity forces a large number of wives with small children to enter the mills. In some of these instances the children are taken to the country on Sunday afternoons and left there until the following Saturday afternoon, when they are brought home to stay during the holiday. The usual practise, however, is to take the children to some neighboring family before work starts in the morning and leave them for the day. For this care from \$1 to \$2 a week is paid.

"Among 188 households where inquiries were made the husband was the sole wage-earner in twenty instances. The lowest earnings for these twenty families was \$5.10 per full week, and the family consisted of a husband, a wife, and three children. The largest family among these twenty consisted of a husband, wife, and five children, the husband earning \$11.09 per full week."

The Senate's "sudden fit of penny-pinching economy" is attributed by the *New York Call* to a desire to "hide that record of shame in the document-room." But *The Call* has learned enough from the report to strengthen its belief that Lawrence is—

"An industrial blot on the map, a pestiferous industrial city, a place where human beings are crushed and starved to produce vast wealth for the mill-owners, a city of hunger and destitution, of child labor, of woman labor, a city where mothers must desert their newly born babies to go into the mills in order to help the 'head of the family,' the father, earn enough to support the family."



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THE WRECK OF REGINA.

On June 30, Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, in Northwestern Canada, was swept by a tornado which destroyed a large part of the city.

BETTER DAYS FOR CUBA AND MEXICO

THE SATISFACTION felt by our press at the collapse of the revolutionary movements against Presidents Gomez and Madero is explained by the Philadelphia *Telegraph's* reminder that "war in either Cuba or Mexico is accompanied by grave danger that this country may be involved, and a feeling of public relief is in order when such danger passes." The death of General Estenoz is generally taken as marking the end of the trouble in Cuba, tho a New York *Herald* correspondent insists that under Ivonet the disaffected negroes are still making headway, and are as formidable as before. According to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, it is the wish of the American people to see the Cubans "still further exhibit fidelity to themselves so that they may maintain their sovereignty as an independent nation in the West Indies." And *The Chronicle* adds a suggestion:

"If the Government of President Gomez is well advised, it will now repeal the objectionable Morua law [prohibiting party organizations on racial lines], or at least adopt less harsh methods of enforcing it. Cuba has troubles enough to solve without their being added to by racial animosities."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* likewise has a word of counsel to Cuba:

"It has much to learn by experience, and needs to give less attention to political intrigue and show greater capacity for effective, economical, and honest administration of affairs. The American and other foreign interests in the island are a peril to its independence, in the sense that they are liable to promote intervention for their own protection, but the Government has only to demonstrate its ability to afford all needed protection in order to remove that peril. The Gomez Administration has not been a strong one, but it has maintained itself more successfully than that which preceded it, and there is a prospect that its successor will be peaceably installed as the result of an election that will not have to be supervised from the outside."

Yet, according to the New York *Press*, our Government is still concerned about the immediate future of Cuba, and the New York *Evening Mail* would have its readers remember that tho Gomez is "seated a little more firmly in the saddle than he was before," the revolution is merely "adjourned."

"The disorderly elements of Cuba have tasted blood again, and for a little while enjoyed the bliss of free life in the woods with a rifle, a bag of jerked coon meat, a bundle of pronunciamientos, and the chance to levy blackmail on the outlying plantations. The rebels have not said farewell to the 'montaña.' It is only a case of *au revoir*. Next time they take to the woods white men will be with them."

"There is no substance to the Cuban republican Government—no solid foundation of that sort of patriotism which willingly leaves the other fellow in power rather than disturb the public peace."

Orozco's rising in Mexico is now done for, in the opinion of

the New York *Times*, which briefly sums up the Mexican situation in these words:

"Orozco's rebellion was defeated at Rellano. Its defeat has been turned into destruction at Bachimba. With Chihuahua evacuated, nothing is left for the leader of the rebels, unless he cares to undertake a few hopeless weeks of guerrilla warfare, except surrender. Madero has by slow degrees built up an effective army, and almost wholly of new material so far as the private soldiers are concerned. General Huerta has proved himself an able and adroit commander. Orozco out of the way, Madero will do well to suppress Zapata as quickly as possible and restore order in Morelos and Puebla. Uprisings of various sorts will be common throughout the Republic for some time to come, until the people learn that the constitutional Government is to be both firm and fair. We are confident that President Madero intends to be both."

Others in this country have been brought by recent events to the same faith in the Madero Administration, and, in the capital of Mexico, *The Mexican Herald* believes that "the tide of criticism and abuse" is stemmed, and that "the erstwhile critics see clearly that the best interests of the country demand the speedy triumph of the Federals, that Madero is a pretty shrewd fellow after all, and that the constitutional Government must be sustained." General Orozco's own statement, tho defiant, has in it an admission of defeat. He says:

"It was useless for us to attempt to stand against Huerta's cannon. From now on we will fight, but after the manner of guerrillas. When we get a chance we will strike the Federals and then retreat. We will engage in no more pitched battles. We will leave behind us a region devastated and desolate. We will obtain fresh recruits in the country through which we ride. But foreign interests will be protected. We are not making war on Americans or American investments. Madero and his Government are the objects of our attack."

The war will be carried from Chihuahua into the neighboring state of Sonora and the insurgents may try to seize a seaport on the Gulf of California. Since General Orozco is "greatly in need of ammunition and supplies," the New York *Sun* thinks he "will hardly make a serious demonstration in Sonora for some time to come." The Chicago *Tribune*, however, while admitting the strengthening of Madero's position by this turn of events, regrets that "it is unlikely to bring that sort of peace which Mexico needs"—

"That is to say, Orozco is likely to carry on guerrilla warfare for some time, and this condition will excuse, if it does not necessitate, the maintenance of a militaristic government by Madero. . . ."

"This is the pity of Orozco's revolt, that it cheated Mexico and Madero of the great opportunity both needed to pass from the Porfirian autocracy to a stage of firm but progressive republicanism. If Madero can bring about this transition he will prove a greater man than Diaz, for the task is more difficult than the establishment of military autocracy."

Newspapers like the New York *Herald* and *Evening Post* and Springfield *Republican* take this occasion to congratulate President Taft upon his skilful handling of these difficult problems so successfully as to avoid intervention in either Mexico or Cuba.



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IN THE PATH OF THE TORNADO.

Many churches, business buildings, and homes were destroyed. Some fifty persons were killed, many injured, and the total property loss in Regina and the surrounding country is reckoned at \$10,000,000.

"HUMAN ELEMENT" IN TWO RAILROAD WRECKS

TWO HARROWING railway accidents, with thirty-nine persons killed in the first, and twenty-six in another that followed less than thirty-six hours later, are drawing much comment on the frailty of the human machine and the imperfection of railway mechanism. The press agree that the "human element" must this time shoulder a large proportion of blame, but there is a general reluctance to allow the railways to escape by turning all questions aside to be answered by the men who drove the locomotives. The New York *American* reports in a dispatch from Corning, N. Y., the scene of the first wreck:

"A man, a locomotive engineer, got drunk on the Fourth of July.

"The hideous consequence was that forty persons were killed and sixty injured that day in the disastrous wreck on the Lackawanna Railroad.

"Charles Klapproth, a wholesale liquor dealer of Elmira, so testified in effect this afternoon, and Klapproth was a most reluctant witness. He is a lifelong friend of William Schroeder, the engineer who took out of Elmira for a run to Buffalo the express train which crashed into the ill-fated passenger-train, No. 9, near this city on July 4."

It appears that the block-signals were working, a flagman had been sent back, and a warning fusee was burning. The engineer who jumped from the cab and saved himself explained that in the fog he could not see them. The engineer had "made the run" for twenty-three years on a railroad that in twelve years had not killed a passenger, and had safely transported 25,000,000. The *American* severely blamed the railroad management in its first comment on the disaster, but on later reports wrote an editorial on "A Careful Railroad and a Culpable Engineer." The traffic-manager of the Lackawanna road is quoted in the New York *Tribune*:

"No matter how perfect is the mechanical department of a railroad, and how strict are the rules and regulations given the

men, it is impossible to get away from the fact that we have always to depend on the brain of one man. It is the engineer in the cab."

The *Tribune* demands to know why:

"Is there no such thing as an automatic device to throw on the brakes of a train that runs by a danger-signal, and is no such device possible? There is one in the New York subway, and while conditions of operation there are different, the mechanism not being exposed to the weather, it would seem not to be beyond the capacity of human ingenuity to provide an automatic means to prevent a train on an ordinary railroad running by a danger-signal.

"This particular train ran by a signal set at caution, another set at danger, and the flagman of the train stalled in front, who was sent back to flag any train approaching from the rear. The accident is unexplainable upon any theory except that the engineer who passed the signals was asleep or temporarily out of possession of his wits. Its lesson is that for the safety of passengers railroads must not be content to depend upon the brain of one man in a cab. There must be some sort of check upon the workings of his brain."

The Washington *Herald* points out

"that railroad travel never will be absolutely safe in this country until the plan adopted years ago in Germany is put in operation. It is a simple enough device. At the distance of each (English) mile alongside the track a cottage is built which houses the trackman and his family. He is compelled to live there. From this abode he patrols the track to the house of his next neighbor, to whom he reports his presence and that all is well. No train is allowed to pass such a 'track station' unless, besides the block signal showing 'all right,' this man is seen by the engine-driver at his post. At night, of course, a swinging lantern suffices. Otherwise the train is stopped as quickly as the emergency brakes can be put on. To those who may talk about such a system being cumbersome or too complicated, we desire to point out that the speed on continental trains is greater than in this country. That ought to suffice."

Many other papers draw the same lesson, and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* declares that—



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THE ENGINEER WAS DRUNK

And thirty-nine lives paid the penalty.

"The railroads have themselves wholly to blame, and they need not be surprized if the Corning accident shall lead to a requirement of equipment which will make it impossible for an engineer to disregard signals."

Various other proposals are heard, from "wireless control" to the Brooklyn *Eagle's* suggestion of "two qualified engineers instead of one in each engine-cab." Says *The Eagle*:

"Two qualified engineers instead of one in each engine-cab would have rendered either accident, humanly speaking, impossible. One man is subject to nerve collapse, to temporary aphasia, to blurred eyesight, to those weaknesses that all men have at times, and that ordinarily result at worst in a loss of his job by the common workingman, or a loss in money for the merchant, or a lessening of reputation for the professional man. None of these have hundreds of lives dependent on their continuous normality of eye and nerve and muscle. Signals would have been seen on the Lackawanna and on the Pennsylvania in time to prevent wrecks if a second man's eyes had been at work. Two men do not go blind at once."

The St. Paul *Dispatch* pointedly asks: "What has become of the simple and old-time method of using torpedoes for foggy weather signals?" Rules against the use of liquor by railway operatives are recalled, and with a powerful enough object-lesson.

The Washington *Star* contrasts the conditions in the first wreck, occurring on a huge, efficient system, with those on "the little 'jerkwater' mining road," the Wilpen branch of the Ligonier Valley road in Pennsylvania:

"This line, too, had a long record of safety, not a life having been lost in the forty years of its existence. True, it is but ten miles in length, and there is but one passenger-train on the schedule, all the remainder of the traffic being freight, mostly coal mined by the owning corporation. Railroadng under such conditions would seem to be an extremely simple proposition, and yet here is a wreck as apparently avoidable and unnecessary as any that has ever occurred on a large and highly organized system. There seems to be no guaranty against disaster in any condition of steam railroad as long as dependence is placed upon the moral effect of orders without the interposition of physical safeguards."

There was only one track on this branch. A train with a single well-filled passenger-coach rounded a curve on the afternoon of July 5 and smashed into a freight-train. Whether to fix responsibility on the engineer or his superiors is a question that has the newspaper critics somewhat perplexed.



AND A SMILE ON THE FACE OF THIS TIGER.

—Ireland in the *Columbus Dispatch*.

THE BEST FOURTH

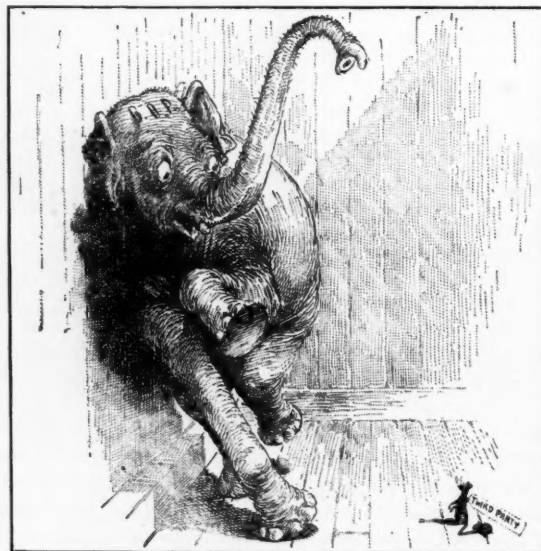
LESS DELIGHT at being able to record a further decrease in the slaughter-and-injury rate for Fourth-of-July celebrations is exprest this year than last. Most of the editors appear to have concluded that the ball is rolling with so much momentum that no unsafe or insane obstacles can hope now to stop it, so they give us the statistics in brief, and then devote the rest of their space to praising the imaginative features of this latest celebration—the two new stars in the flag, the historical pageants, the fireworks displays at night.

By the computation of the newspaper statisticians the Fourth's average figures for the past twelve years have been 160 deaths and 4,000 injuries. This year 20 deaths and 648 injuries were reported in the careful annual casualty census taken by the *Chicago Tribune*. This means not half as much death and suffering as in 1911. No fatality was reported this year from either New York or Chicago. Like the Boston *Transcript*, many of the editorials spend their enthusiasm praising the new plan, instead of "pointing with shame" at figures that are not yet a credit. Says the Boston paper:

"Into the various programs there has entered some imagination, and some attention to the history that gives the warrant for any observance. There have been parades and pageants, music and floats, in all of which are revived the scenes and incidents which marked the beginnings and the progress of various sections. This method gives opportunity to fit the celebration to the place. A giant cracker sounds and smells as bad in one place as another, and means nothing after it has spent its force, unless it may be the maiming of child or man; but an intelligently prepared pageant gives to all, and the young especially, a fresh and definite conception of the processes by which history has been made."

The new forty-eight-starred flag caught attention everywhere, and to one observer, the New York *World*, suggested something else than self-congratulation:

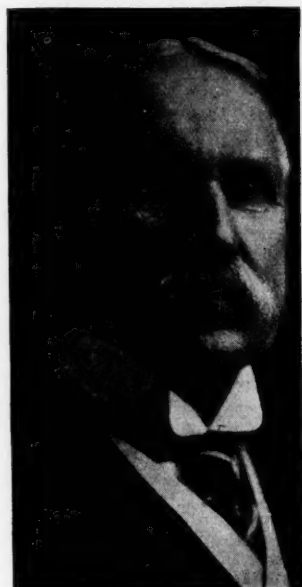
"We have forty-eight stars in the flag, and there should be fifty. Alaska, rich enough to make ten States, and big enough for twenty, will soon have in her northern and southern divisions population enough for the two that are needed to give us half a hundred stars in the banner—if the settlers are but given a chance to make use of the coal, the forests, and the other natural resources of the land."



!!!

—Macauley in the New York *World*

SCENES IN THE POLITICAL ZOO.



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SECRETARY MACVEAGH.



THE FEDERAL TROUBLE CLERK.
—Westerman in the Columbus Ohio
State Journal.



A. PLATT ANDREW,
Who resigns the Assistant Secretary-
ship.

THOSE CONCERNED.

A TROUBLED TREASURY

ANOTHER CASE of "Taft luck," say some of the editors, as they see the friction in the Treasury Department revealed by the enforced resignation of Assistant Secretary Andrew. Coming after the Ballinger-Pinchot affair, the Wilson-Wiley-McCabe imbroglio, and the unexpected publication of the Hitecock report advocating the Government ownership of telegraphs, this incident, remarks the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) will "give color to the belief that discipline under this Administration is not what it should be, and that a lack of firm executive control leads to jealousies and insubordination and a woful failure to get good team-play in the Departments." *The Outlook* perhaps somewhat naturally finds the episode significant only as "one of many indications that Mr. Taft's administrative ability—that is, the ability to inspire his colleagues, assistants, and subordinates with a spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm—was somewhat overestimated by the country upon his nomination and election in 1908." There are fears that this may turn out to be another Ballinger case, but the press as a rule agree with the *New York World* (Dem.) that while Mr. Taft is unfortunate enough in having this official quarrel break out "just at the beginning of his campaign for reelection," yet "as a trouble-maker Mr. Andrew does not yet promise to measure up to Gifford Pinchot."

Mr. Andrew, in his letter to the President, declares that he leaves the Department because of the "idiosyncrasies," temperamental unfitness, and general inefficiency of the Secretary of the Treasury. These qualities, he says, have made it impossible for him and other Treasury officials to do their share of the business of the Department expeditiously and efficiently. The Secretary, in reply, denies all these statements and explains that Mr. Andrew was asked to leave the service, first, because he "was not efficient enough to meet the requirements," and second, because "in direct disobedience to my instructions" he left his post to attend the Chicago Convention.

Despite the prevailing inclination to await further information before taking sides, we find several papers of the *Utica Observer's* (Dem.) opinion, that

"Secretary Franklin MacVeagh makes it clear the disobedience of Professor Andrew made his retention in office not only undesirable, but impossible, and that his dismissal had the approval of President Taft. Andrew ran away to a convention like a boy when there is a circus in the next town."

Mr. Andrew's "real grievance," remarks the *Albany Journal* (Rep.), "is evidently that his superior officer would not indorse his own estimate of his ability and importance." *The Wall Street Journal* sums it up: "Mr. Andrew has no case." The *Pittsburg Gazette-Times* (Rep.) presents certain facts which it thinks almost a refutation in themselves. To quote:

"During the term of the present Democratic Congress, if not before, the Treasury Department has been under close scrutiny. Various committees have had it under inspection, and particularly the committee on expenditures, hoping to uncover material for Democratic campaign use. If there had been any such condition of demoralization as Mr. Andrew describes, making for inefficiency of service, it is reasonable to assume that it would have been discovered."

"... Secretary MacVeagh has introduced economies in the clerical administration of the Treasury Department by which the Government has profited to the extent of from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 annually and without the discharge of an employee or impairment of the service. This is a matter of record."

On the other hand, tho they speak guardedly, it is clear that such papers as the *Chicago Farmers and Drovers Journal*, *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.), *Baltimore Sun* (Ind. Dem.), and *Toledo Blade* (Prog. Rep.) are disposed to find some truth in what Mr. Andrew says of conditions in the Treasury Department. There is no intimation, "even on the part of those in Congress who are proposing an investigation," reports the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (Prog. Rep.), of "anything wrong in the Department except lack of harmony essential to efficiency." But it continues:

"The fact that in most cases the Cabinet troubles have developed from criticism of superiors made by subordinates and in each case the subordinate has been a man of ability and integrity, leads to the suspicion that the President is not a first-class judge of Cabinet material. A man may be an eminent citizen and a business or professional man of ability and integrity, and still not be a success at the head of a Government department."

SMASHING THE CAMORRA

CRIME in America and Italy has just enough connection to give our newspapers a strong interest in last week's verdict at Viterbo that convicted nine Camorristi of the murder of Gennaro Cuocolo and his wife. That the decision will completely put an end to the "black hand" here is not predicted, nor is it seemingly feared that the suppression of the Camorra in Italy will start a general emigration of its undesirables to this country. The *New York World* notes that "America is interested in this home blow at systematized assassination whose operations extend to our shores," and the *Brooklyn Eagle* calls the verdict "a body-blow at the system of organized crime that affects New York only less than the Italian cities in which it had its rise," but our writers dwell mainly on the verdict's significance to Europe. The dramatic side of the sessions was at no time neglected. The ferocity of the Camorristi continued to the last—when the verdict was announced, Di Marini slashed his throat with a piece of glass and had to be bound to be restrained from tearing off the bandages from the artery. Neither terrifying threats nor turbulent demonstrations interfered with justice, tho judge, jury, and prosecutors knew they were jeopardizing their lives. That the case has been appealed has evoked little serious remark. The general impression is that the Camorra is wrecked; and that while it took two years, \$500,000, sixty volumes of testimony, and three deaths in the process, it was well worth all the trouble. The total number of convictions now is twenty-six. Eight men are convicted of murder and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment; eighteen more were given sentences ranging from five years to nine.

In elucidation of its linking of crime in Italy and America, *The Eagle* recalls how Petrosino, the Italian detective on the New York force, began to study New York "black-handers," to find that all roads led toward Italy.

"Alfano, the leader of the conspiracy, was once arrested here in New York by Petrosino, our Italian detective, and sent back to Italy, a defiance for which Petrosino paid with his life when he dared to follow the gang into their strongholds in Italy. The system which has been nipt in its perfect flower by this Viterbo verdict has had some pale imitations in this city, where Italian criminals have cooperated in blackmail by violence, and where a recent feud fight in the streets brought to light the extent to which the criminals defy the law and rely on the power of private vengeance to settle their scores. But our 'street gangs' in New York are merely miniatures of the parent society, and their growth is so recent that uprooting them ought to be easy."

Parallels are drawn between this Italian case and our trials of the McNamaras and the "Molly Maguires." The latter is thought by the *New York Tribune* to resemble it most closely, except that the American organization did not appear to include "statesmen of national rank and dignitaries of the church," and that our Government never "entered into a treaty with that organization as an adjunct if not a coordinate branch." The *Detroit Free Press* comments on how much more difficult this trial was to handle than that of the McNamaras. In Italy—

"The authorities were trying to bring to justice not merely a small band of assassins they already had caged. They were trying to upturn the secret methods of a huge organization for blackmail and murder, which numbered among its members persons in official life, and which had effectually intimidated many officials not affiliated with it. Its principal witness was one Abbatemaggio, a former Camorrist who had turned state's evidence to save his neck, and who continually faced threats of future vengeance in case he persisted in giving his damning testimony. All things considered, the greater wonder is not that the trial of the Camorristi should have lasted more than two years, but that it should have accomplished anything. The Italian authorities are entitled to much credit for having obtained convictions in spite of the immense handicaps imposed by freedom of legal procedure, the strong backing and open sympathy received from every hand by their prisoners, and the uncertain character of their principal witness."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE meat boycott does not extend to crow.—*Providence Journal*.

WE don't like something about T. R. Marshall's name.—*Columbia State*.

DO you suppose Woodrow will permit Ryan and Colonel Harvey to vote for him?—*Indianapolis News*.

MRS. PANKHURST is ultra-conservative, anyway. She declined to serve even one full term.—*Philadelphia Enquirer*.

POSSIBLY the circumstance may be recalled that the Republicans were a "third party" once.—*New York Mail*.

THE Colonel will need his red bandanna to fight off those Jersey mosquitoes.—*Jacksonville Florida Times-Union*.

THO the prices of many steel products have been advanced, we don't see any quotations on bolts.—*St. Louis Republic*.

TEDDY's separation from the gloomy Republican party can very properly be referred to as "a bolt from the blue."—*Washington Post*.

THE summer magazine: Three fiction stories, an article on the trusts, and 138 pages advertising perforated underwear.—*Detroit News*.

SOMEBODY imagines the airship of the future "carrying a thousand passengers." Somebody can have our seat.—*Richmond Times Dispatch*.

GOVERNOR OSBORN of Michigan seems to have the belief of Governors Hadley and Aldrich that it is useless, after rocking the boat, to insist on drowning.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE devoted about 1,000 words in his weekly to telling what he thinks of Colonel Roosevelt, and all of it was malleable. Whence we conclude that the Senator did not express himself fully.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"STATE Prohibitionists will Name a Full Ticket," says a morning contemporary.—*Denver Times*.

THE leading editorial has been displaced by the misleading editorial in our partisan papers.—*Baltimore Sun*.

THE man who does not find the kind of politics he wants this year is hard to please.—*New York American*.

A GOOD many former patriots and enthusiasts don't want to belong to a third party which is going to be third.—*New York Tribune*.

"BOTH of the candidates have a highly developed sense of humor." One of them is going to need it.—*Wall Street Journal*.

KANSAS leads the world in the number of windmills—also in the motive power necessary to propel them.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE British dock strike has tied up numerous Atlantic lines, thus making ocean travel a little safer for the time being.—*Washington Post*.

THIS is the only country on earth where a conference in a Florentine salon could have started a bull-moose movement.—*New York World*.

HAVING realized nearly half a million dollars from the sale of naval junk, the Government might advertise for bids on the steam roller.—*Chicago Daily News*.

ON one element of the high cost of living the Colonel must be granted to be an authority. We mean the expense of Presidential primaries.—*New York Evening Post*.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH may have to run against a Roosevelt candidate for Congress in Cincinnati. When you get to suspecting that you are a victim of circumstances, think of Nick.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



SKEETER VERSUS FAT MAN.

—Fox in the *Chicago Post*.



BRITISH RUBBER-TRADE HORRORS

THE KONGO ATROCITIES, under King Leopold of Belgium, were disputed by some investigators and reaffirmed by others, but were enough to rouse violent indignation in England. Now, however, they seem mild compared with the revelations made in the report of Sir Roger Casement, just published, on the condition of things in the rubber district of the upper Amazon. Sir Roger Casement is British consul-general at Rio de Janeiro and was commissioned in 1910 to investigate certain frightful stories that were afloat concerning the manner in which an English rubber company, employing British negroes from Barbados, was compelling the natives to collect a certain amount of rubber and punishing and torturing them in case they failed to furnish the supply demanded. Sir Roger was formerly consul in the Kongo and investigated the treatment of the natives of that region. The remoteness of the rubber district of Putumayo, on the Peruvian branches of the Amazon, made it difficult for any intervening Power to afford protection to the natives; Peru seemed indifferent, altho the United States made representations to the Government at Lima urging the authorities to put a stop to the hideous practises of the English concessionaires. The witnesses examined by Sir Roger testified that these practises included the burning alive of men, women, and children for purposes of intimidation and to incite the rubber-collectors to renewed exertions. We quote the following passages from his report:

"Indians were frequently flogged to death. Cases were reported to me where men or women had died actually under the lash, but this seems to have been infrequent. Deaths due to flogging generally ensued some days afterward. . . . In many cases where men or women had been so cruelly flogged that the wounds putrefied, the victims were shot

by one of the *racionales* (supervisors) acting under the orders of the chief of the section, or even by this individual himself.

"At one station I was informed by a British subject who had himself often flogged the Indians that he had seen mothers flogged on account of shortage of rubber by their little sons. These boys were held to be too small to chastise and so, while the

little boy stood terrified and crying at the sight, the mother would be beaten 'just a few strokes' to make him into a better worker. Men and women would be suspended by the arms, often twisted behind their backs and tied together at the wrists, and in this agonizing posture, their feet high above the ground, they were scourged on their nether limbs and lower back. The implement used for flogging was invariably a twisted strip, or several strips plaited together, of dried tapir hide, sufficiently stout to cut a human body to pieces.

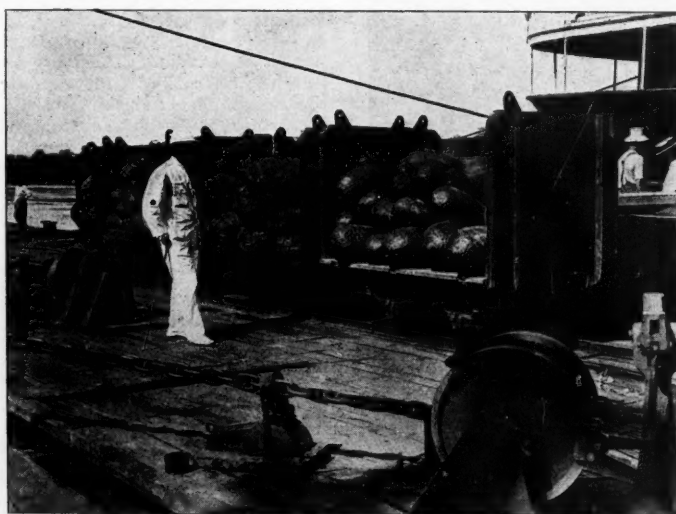
"Deliberate starvation was again and again resorted to, but this not only where it was desired merely to frighten, but where the intention was to kill. Men and women were kept prisoners in the station stocks until they died of hunger. . . . No food was given to the Indians and one man related how he had seen Indians thus being starved to death in the stocks scraping up the dirt with their fingers and eating it.

"Men, women, and children were confined to the stocks for days, weeks, and often months. The overlapping beam might press so tightly on the confined ankle that the flesh would be cut, but even without this added torment the long confinement in this cramped position must have become well-nigh unendurable. As an added punishment, the legs of a man or woman would be distended and confined several holes apart in the stocks, a distance intolerable to be borne for any length of time, since it was almost a yard at the extremities. . . . Fully ninety per cent. of the entire population bore traces of flogging."

Sir Roger gives full credence to similar stories of diabolical and cold-blooded cruelty on the part of the wretches whose only anxiety is immediate gain in the shape of commissions. To quote further:



THE NATIVES, TORTURED TO GET RUBBER.
Chiefs of the Iquito tribe of Indians and their wives.



Illustrations used by courtesy of the New York "Sun."

THE PRODUCT BOUGHT BY BLOOD AND TEARS.
Fine rubber and caoutchouc on the landing-stage at Iquitos.

"One of the witnesses declared that he had seen Indians burned alive more than once. It was alleged, and I am convinced with truth, that during a period of close on six years one Spanish half-caste had directly killed many hundreds of Indians, men, women, and children.

"At another station the man in charge of the section, in order to inspire terror and yet leave no trace on the bodies of his victims, had devised a new method of punishment for those who did not bring in enough rubber. Their arms were tied behind their backs and thus pinioned they were taken down to the river and forcibly held under the water until they became insensible and half drowned. Two chiefs declared that two of their men had been drowned by this process not long before.

"Flogging was varied with other tortures to stop just short of taking life while inspiring acute mental fear and inflicting much of the physical agony of death. Thus men and lads were suspended by a chain fastened round the neck to one of the beams of the house or store. Sometimes with the feet scarcely touching the ground and the chain held taut they were left in this half-strangled position until life was almost extinct. More than one eye-witness assured me that he had seen Indians actually suspended by the neck until when cut down they fell a senseless mass upon the floor of the house with their tongues protruding.

"Several informants declared that they had witnessed Indians chained round the arms hauled up to the ceilings of houses or to trees, and the chain then suddenly loosed so that the victim fell violently to the ground. Among other practises one of the rubber-collectors cut the ears off living Indians, a pastime that to my knowledge was also indulged in by another subordinate still employed by the company at the date of my visit.

"Some men . . . were simply beasts of prey who lived upon the Indians and delighted in-shedding their blood. I met no old Indian men or women and few had got beyond middle age. The old people, both men and women, respected for character and ability to advise wisely, had been marked from the first as dangerous, and in the early stages of the occupation were done to death. Thus I learned of an old woman who was beheaded solely for this reason."

We read in the press that the British Government is being urged to take remedial action and a Putumayo Mission Fund has been started. The object is to raise \$75,000 for the foundation of a Christian mission on the Putumayo. As the Government of Lima decrees that it is against the Peruvian Constitution



FANCY AND FACT.

This is the way the military forces boast that they are driving the Turks before them. But the only driving we are absolutely sure of is that the Italians are being driven out of Turkey.

—Fischietto (Turin).

to admit the Reformed faith into the country, Sir Roger Casement and those who are cooperating with him purpose the establishment of a Catholic settlement of Christian teachers in this region of Darkest South America.

TURKEY HUNTING AN ALLY

MANY Turkish journalists seem to think that the Sultan has only to drop his handkerchief to have the fairest and most powerful European nations flocking to join hands and sign a compact of alliance. Turkey would, no doubt, be much better off if she had the assistance, or at least the backing, of some foreign fleet or army in the Western Mediterranean.



WATERING THE TRIPOLI LAURELS IS SOMEWHAT EXPENSIVE.

—Kladderatsch (Berlin).

Italy might then be beaten off from Tripoli, and her marauding expeditions in the Aegean put a stop to at once. But more sober-minded Turkish statesmen do not expect any help, beyond "moral support," from the European Powers, and a well-known publicist of Constantinople, Hussein Djahid Bey, says very sensibly in the *Tanin* (Constantinople) that European Governments do not desire an alliance with the Porte. As he remarks:

"To judge by the reams written on the subject, one would be convinced that the Sublime Porte had received from various quarters offers of alliance or of agreement, and that the Powers were even quarreling for the privilege of an alliance with us. We may then say to those who recommend an alliance with Germany: You advise us to come to an understanding with Germany; but is Germany willing to do so with us? The same query comes as to an alliance with England. There is the crux of the question. We recommend those who extol an alliance not to forget the fact that it is not enough that we demand an alliance; there must be found some party to agree to such an alliance with us."

The present war may make the question of alliances a somewhat urgent one, but it does not alter in the slightest degree the position of isolation in which Turkey has stood and still stands. The Powers preserve the sort of neutrality with which a man witnesses a family row next door. The Powers will not undertake the responsibility of an armed intervention, however much they desire that hostilities on the coast of Africa and in the Aegean should cease. To consider the case in more detail:

"Germany and Austria are the allies of Italy. These two Powers could not let go of Italy to come to us and force Italy out of Tripoli. So there is no hope there. As for England and France, these two Powers have promised Italy a free hand in Tripoli. So there is nothing we can expect from that side, either. We are therefore forced to the conclusion that as long as the Tripolitan war continues, we must rely on our own forces

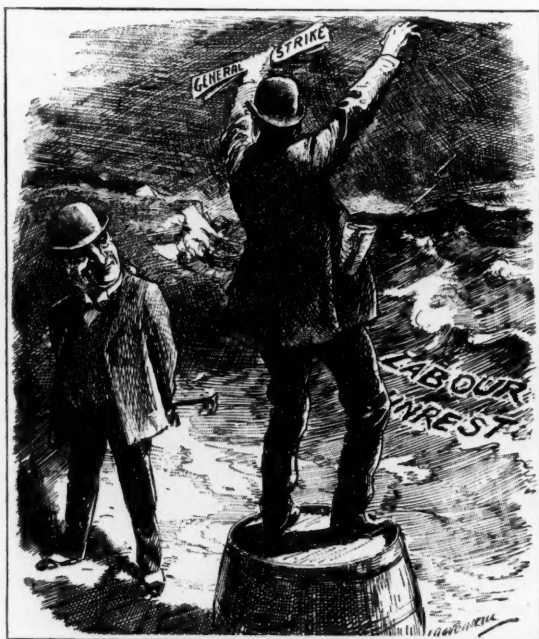
only. France and England, Austria and Germany, can seek to prevent the extension of the war. And they have not failed to do so. But we may be sure no one of these countries wishes the war to continue. At the risk of wounding the self-esteem of the Ottomans, we assert that neither the Triple Alliance nor the Triple Entente would take Turkey as an ally on equal terms."

Turkey, says this patriotic but candid writer, is not in a fit condition to find a European ally on equal terms. All Turkey could hope to gain would be a rather humiliating sort of "moral support," with no political or military aid, from a European government—a sentimental hand-shake, a kind word of greeting, but no shoulder-to-shoulder union in peace and war:

"Any alliance proposed to us in the present circumstances would be merely a *moral protectorate*. Naturally we would vigorously oppose that. Above all else, any grouping of Powers which wished us as an ally must first lay aside selfish designs. Let us not waste time in talk of hasty alliances. On the contrary, Turkey must aim first to complete her work of reform and renovation, which will take years. Only when this is done, and Turkey is prosperous, can she honorably seek alliances. Until that day, our only ally will be our own intelligence, our zeal, our eagerness to make every sacrifice, and to give up for the good of the fatherland every dangerous thought of self-esteem."

MALLOCK ON LABOR UNREST

THE LONDON Transportation Union, which tried to extend their strike throughout the ports and transport centers of the United Kingdom, have failed in their attempt. They sent out appeal after appeal, their orators appeared in the market-places of such cities as Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, but the call fell unheeded, the union funds ran low, and the mighty effort collapsed. The storm has practically blown over, but we are told in the English papers



NO ANSWER.

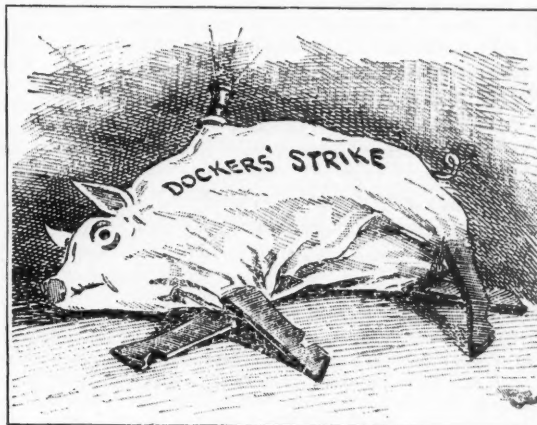
GLENDOWER GOSLING.—"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

HOTSPUR PUNCH.—"Why, so can I, or so can any man; but will they come when you do call them?"—(Henry IV., Part I, Act III, Scene I.)

—Punch (London).

that the rumblings of distant thunder are still to be heard. The Socialists, lay and clerical, still talk of the "labor unrest," and attribute it to the distress of the starving poor. This distress will not "blow over," and may cause more and greater industrial

eruptions. Mr. W. H. Mallock, the clever author of the "New Republic," writes in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (London), however, to show that the Socialists are wrong, that poverty is not on the increase in the British Isles, and to point out what he believes are the real causes of the popular discontent. He seems to think they exist largely in the mind. Every one who knows Mr. Mallock's writings will acknowledge that he



THE EXPIRING PIG.

—Pall Mall Gazette (London).

is an honest man who is often witty and even mordant in his criticism of men and things. No one will accuse him of uttering wilful and misleading paradoxes. He must be credited with sincerity, therefore, at least, when he tells us that the causes of labor unrest are three: increased facilities for travel; the expectation of those who are better off than their forefathers that they can obtain better economic conditions if they shout loud enough; the excitement of modern education. In this connection he quotes the following anecdote of Edward John Phelps:

"The late Mr. Phelps, for many years American Ambassador in this country, when I was once walking with him on a lonely road in the neighborhood of the Highland Railway, said suddenly after a long silence, 'The devil never found a truer note for his voice than the railway whistle. There it goes, from one end of the country to the other, crying to all the boys and girls, 'Come away, come away, come away.' And when they go, they find the place they have gone to better in no way than the place they have left behind.' In these few words we have a profound analysis of a large part of that contemporary unrest which is commonly supposed to be confined to the ranks of labor."

The attraction of the town is being felt also in France, "the classic home of peasant ownership for a century." Yes, at the antipodes:

"The attraction of the towns, even in Australia, is exerting a similar influence. A movement so general evidently can not be due to economic conditions of any one particular kind. It is rather due to the disturbing effect on the imagination of an enlarged vision of conditions which are continually increasing in variety, any one of which our increased facilities of movement tend to present as possible, and which are bewildering by their competing promises—promises never fulfilled, or fulfilled but to some small degree."

The second cause is the fact that people cherish inordinate expectations, which he explains with great clearness:

"That there exists in this country, despite the general spread of well-being, a population precariously nourished and inadequately housed, which, small as it may be in proportion to the present population as a whole, yet equals in number the entire population of England at the time of the Norman Conquest, may unhappily be accepted as true; and that such poverty, if it can never be entirely removed, may yet be reduced to relatively negligible dimensions, must be one of the chief hopes and objects of every sagacious statesman. It is, however,

very doubtful whether the utmost progress possible in this direction would even modify the sort of labor unrest which is characteristic of the present time.

"The grounds on which this assertion is made are not far to seek. One is the well-known fact which is exemplified by all classes alike—namely, that after the fundamental needs of the human body are satisfied and have been supplemented by the provision of such secondary requisites as are practically made necessities by the habits of whatever class may be in question, each further addition of wealth, as soon as the recipients are habituated to it, ceases to be felt as any addition at all. Those who were contented before are not thankful now. Those who were discontented before are just as discontented still. What makes discontent—apart from actual privation or the anxiety which comes from the fear of it—is not what people have got, but a comparison of what they have got with that which they have been stimulated into thinking that they can get and ought to get."

Mr. Mallock is plain in his denunciation of the system of modern education. He thus castigates the bright Socialist essayist, George Lansbury, Laborite M.P., who "declared that much of the modern unrest in the labor-world is due to the fact that education has made the laborer impatient of such tasks as the hewing of wood and drawing of water, and so forth."

"But what Mr. Lansbury and others omit to notice is this—that education, in the sense of general culture, while rendering such tasks distasteful, does nothing to diminish their necessity, or in any way to alter their character, by enabling those who perform them to perform them with greater ease. Without imputing to Mr. Lansbury unduly luxurious tastes, we may assume that when the weather is cold one of his normal requirements is a fire; and that a pork-chop, a herring, a slice of cod, form no infrequent articles of his diet. But in order that Mr. Lansbury may be warm while he elaborates expositions of Socialism, somebody must be a hewer of wood, or—more literally—of coal; in order that he may eat his chop, the hands of some of his comrades must be red with the blood of pigs; and in order that by his morning fire he may have a 'bit of fish' for his breakfast, other comrades must toil all night among the tempests of the North Sea. Does education, in the sense of general culture, make fire and food less necessary for Mr. Lansbury himself? Or does it in any way modify the circumstances under which they are obtainable for him by the efforts of others? Does it make coal-getting a process as easy as the picking of buttercups? Would it enable the stickler of pigs to substitute for his customary bloodshed some 'death by a rose in aromatic pain'? Would any amount of general culture enable the North Sea fisherman to calm the waves at his will, and reduce his calling to a pastime like that of catching carp in a marble basin at Versailles?"

He sums up his own views of the matter in a form which sets his seal of approval upon technical trade-schools, such as are powerful agents of good in this country and in Europe. He evidently does not believe in teaching conic sections to boys who will never do more than drive crows from the corn or work in a nail factory. Greek and Latin are not necessary for the man whose skill must be exercised in designing or making fashionable footwear, in driving an engine or an electrical motor, or even in engine-trimming. He enforces the ancient maxim—the cobbler must not venture beyond his last. Thus we read:

"So far as labor in general is concerned, the only kind of education which equips the laborer for the performance of it is purely technical, and consists mainly of the performance of such labor itself and the knowledge and dexterities thereby acquired. It often does not even require any mastery of the art of reading. But altho education, in the more general sense of the word, results in no such enlargement of the laborer's productive efficiency, it tends to produce in his mind an illusory consciousness that it does so: that hence he deserves a correspondingly increased reward, and that, failing to get it, he suffers some correspondingly increasing wrong."

"In other words, the modern experiment of applying to the masses at large a system of education modeled, so far as its general character goes, on that which had previously been applied to a limited class only, has had on the majority thus far, all over the world, the effect of increasing their expectations without doing anything to increase their industrial power of satisfying them."

JAPAN AND THE PANAMA TOLLS

THE FACT that Japan has just decided to participate in the Panama Exposition of 1915 on a large scale seems to intensify the interest which the Japanese press have been taking in everything that concerns the canal. The proposal before Congress to exempt our vessels from the tolls passed the House at the time when the Japanese Commission for the exposition was about to leave for San Francisco, and naturally elicited much discussion from the leading papers. Of course, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty specifically provided that all vessels should pay the same tolls. The section of the treaty dealing with this point provides that "the canal shall be free and open in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise." Altho the measure before Congress provides that our ships shall pay the tolls, but have a rebate for the encouragement of our merchant navy, the Japanese editors think that the privilege reserved for the American vessels is in obvious violation of the above-quoted treaty. The *Yamato* (Tokyo) and the *Nippon* (Tokyo) predict that favorable action on this bill, if sanctioned by the President, will result in serious complications, and it appears that both England and Canada are preparing protests against the measure. The *Yamato* adds ominously:

"Next to Great Britain, Japan will be the first to be affected by this discriminative American policy. It is to be hoped that our Government and shipping-interests will awake to the grave nature of the matter and take proper measures as occasion requires."

But the more influential journals, as the *Asahi* (Tokyo) and the *Jiji* (Tokyo), take calmer views of the question. The *Asahi* intimates that, had the exemption from the toll been conferred only upon those American vessels engaged in coasting trade, the measure would have been justifiable. But as the bill extends the privilege to all American vessels, the matter will, the journal believes, become a great question in the shipping-trade of the world. We are further told:

"The decision of the House is the inevitable outcome of the strenuous efforts of the shipbuilders and steamship companies, which see a great fortune accruing to their enterprise by the exemption of American vessels from the canal toll. From a purely financial point of view, it would seem wisest for the United States to levy the regular tolls on all American vessels other than those engaged in the coasting trade, for the revenue from this source would go a long way toward reimbursing the nation which expended an enormous sum for the opening of that waterway."

The *Jiji* asserts that from a legal point of view Japan has nothing to do with the British-American controversy occasioned by the measure, but it nevertheless urges the public to keep close watch over the developments of the question, as it vitally affects the commerce and carrying-trade of the nation. To quote:

"To us it seems as clear as the sun that the action of the House runs directly counter to the stipulations of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901. President Taft himself, speaking at the inauguration ceremony of the Panama Exposition held in San Francisco on October 14, 1911, intimated his belief that the exemption of the American steamships from paying the toll would be in violation of the treaty. In the face of this fact it is rather surprising that the House should have acted as it did."

This influential Tokyo journal not only objects to the proposal with regard to the toll, but regards the fortification of the canal as unnecessary and as an encroachment upon the Hay-Pauncefote instrument which declares that the canal shall remain neutral.—Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.



IS THERE A JEWISH RACE?

WHAT WOULD SEEM to be pretty radical doctrine is promulgated by Dr. Maurice Fishberg in a recent book on "The Jews: A Study in Race and Environment." In it he concludes from a study of the Jews in various countries that there is no pure Jewish race, but that everywhere the Jews have so mingled with the peoples among whom they have lived for centuries as to show many of their characteristics. It has usually been believed that the Jews are a shining example of the preservation of a racial type by social isolation. It is true that we are apt to speak of German, Portuguese, or Polish Jews as if they were racially different, but this difference has been commonly held to consist chiefly in language. The Jew is a Jew, we have been accustomed to think, however he talks or dresses. Dr. Fishberg, however, sees in this recognition of difference a real racial alteration in each case, and he fortifies his position by observation and exact measurement. It could not be expected that such a position would go unchallenged. In *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, July) Dr. Abram Lipsky takes up the cudgels in behalf of Jewish racial purity. Dr. Fishberg's position is first stated as follows:

"He believes that the Jews are destined to be assimilated by the races among whom they live in Europe and America, and it is apparently in order to facilitate this manifest destiny that he arrays all the arguments he can muster tending to show that the Jews are not a pure race.

"There are certain physical traits generally assumed by anthropologists to be distinctive of race. Dr. Fishberg finds that in these respects the Jews are not different from the races among whom they live. Certain other characteristics of a moral, social, and vital or physiological nature, often ascribed to the Jews, are either denied existence or attributed by the author to economic and social status rather than to race.

"The chief physical characteristics relied upon to distinguish races are stature, head-form, and color. As to stature, Dr. Fishberg shows that the Jews rise and fall with the people in the land of their nativity, being short where the Gentiles are short, and tall where they are tall, tho never quite as tall. . . .

"As to head-form Dr. Fishberg is more decided. The heads of European, Caucasian, African, and Arabian Jews vary in shape. Some are long, some are broad, some are round. Only the commingling of the blood of different races could have produced these differences, argues the author."

According to Dr. Lipsky, however, Dr. Fishberg is not quite fair in this contention. In eastern Europe, where the Jews have remarkably uniform heads, this uniformity is not taken to indicate uniformity of race, since the Gentiles in those regions have also uniform heads. That is to say, remarks the critic:

"When Jewish heads are various in shape, it proves that the blood of various races flows in their veins, and when their heads do not vary much in shape, the same thing is proved. On one page Dr. Fishberg writes as if head-form were an unchangeable racial characteristic; on that page—since the heads of Jews in Europe, Africa, and Asia vary—the Jews are not a race. On another page, the Jews are not a race for the opposite reason, namely, because 80 per cent. of them have heads of the same shape—since it happens that the many gentile races living in the same part of the world also have similar heads!"

Other arguments, relating to matters of detail into which there is no space here to enter, are similarly disallowed by Dr. Lipsky. But after all, he thinks, these arguments are hardly worth while, for apparently it is Dr. Fishberg's opinion not only that the Jews are not at the present time a pure race, but that they never were one—in Dr. Lipsky's phrase, that "the Jews never were Jews" at all. We read:

"It would seem, offhand, that he [Dr. Fishberg] wished to convince us of the fact that the people now called Jews are not descendants of the same original stock. 'Ethnologically,' he

says, 'there are practically no differences between Jews and other Europeans. Both consist of conglomerations of various racial elements blended together in a manner that makes it impossible to disentangle the components, or even the predominant race, out of the ethnic chaos.' But if his aim was to prove this, what was the use of wasting so much zeal and labor? On page 135 we are told, 'One thing is certain, however, the original stock of the Jews was not made up of a single and homogeneous race, as is supposed by some.' And again, on the same page, we read that the Bible itself records intermarriages between Jews and Gentiles, and 'that some of these races were not of Semitic stock has been established recently by archeological research.' Why was it necessary to produce more evidence; why worry about blonds and long heads and short heads, if the Jews never were Jews?

"But why should we be concerned whether the Jews are, or ever were, a 'pure race'? What is a pure race? Would Dr. Fishberg know one if he saw one? If there ever was a pure race how did it come into existence? Was it born pure, or did it issue pure from the hand of God? 'Religion,' says Dr. Fishberg, 'the Jewish as well as the Christian and Mohammedan, with the assistance of the state, artificially created the types of the Jew at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There is nothing unusual that an isolated community should evolve peculiar characters.' Does Dr. Fishberg know any other way than isolation by which races acquire peculiar characters? The Jews of remote antiquity seem to have had characters sufficiently peculiar to cause themselves to be known as Jews. How did they get those characters? Was anything but isolation ever the cause of such peculiarities? How did the American Indians, the Anglo-Saxons, the Ethiopians get their peculiar characters? Does Dr. Fishberg imagine they inherited them in an uninterrupted line of descent from a primordial group or pair that had them since first there were men on earth?

"Pure races' are anthropological postulates, like the atoms of physicists, which serve a scientific purpose, but never can be brought in to decide practical questions of politics or engineering. Dr. Fishberg tries to use the conception of a 'pure race' in such an illegitimate manner. In his eagerness he falls repeatedly, as we have seen, into inconsistencies unbecoming, to say the least, in a scientific work. After a candid perusal of it, one has to declare in true Irish fashion that the arguments do not prove that the Jews are not a pure race, and even if they did, it would make no practical difference to any one or any thing."

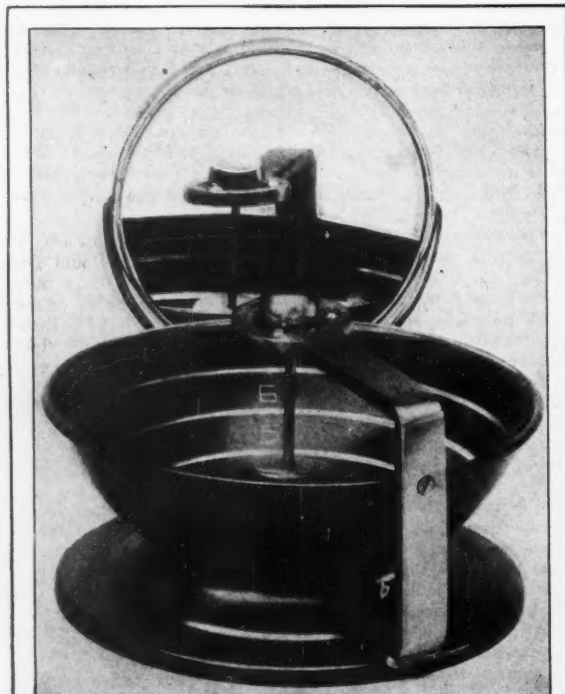
OUR PROMPT "HELLO GIRLS" — That the average time occupied by a telephone operator in answering a call after she hears the subscriber ring is only a little more than half as great in Chicago as it is in London, is asserted by a writer in *Popular Electricity* (Chicago, July). The time in each case is only a few seconds, showing that telephone girls in both cities are prompt and capable. Says this magazine:

"We are prone to look upon time, when waiting, as longer than usual, and this is nowhere more evident than when using the telephone. Careful observations show the telephone operator to be quick and efficient. At the annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, according to *The London Electrician*, the postmaster-general stated that during the last six months observations were made upon 50,000 telephone calls, and it was found that the time taken for a call, starting from the time of ringing up to the time of the operator answering the call, was on the average 5.1 seconds. The time needed for making the whole connection was 28.6 seconds, or less than half a minute. This is to be taken as a good record in the way of quick working.

"A similar record covering 55,262 calls, as made in Chicago over the lines of the Chicago Telephone Company during 1911, gives the average time taken for a call, starting from the time of signaling for the operator to the time she answers, as 3.1 seconds. The American operator has the best of her English cousin by two seconds. The time necessary for the Chicago operator to make the whole connection, which includes the time up to the moment the subscriber answers, was 25.4 seconds."

AN UP-AND-DOWN COMPASS

WHEN A MAN is traveling on a horizontal plane, as we usually are when we keep to the earth's surface, he needs to know only when he is deviating to right or left, and this the magnetic compass can tell him. But when we leave the surface and soar into the air, moving in three dimensions instead of only two, we need, in addition, something



FRONT VIEW OF THE LEWKOWICZ INDICATOR.
Position of pendulum when the machine is flying about level.

to tell us when we are inclining upward or downward; in other words, we want an up-and-down compass as well as the right-and-left compass that we already possess. One might think that gravity would give us this information, without the aid of any special instrument, but it is not so, especially in the dark, when the aviator's sense of up-and-down is not aided by the sight of objects below him. Ladis Lewkowicz, who has devised what he calls an "angle-indicator" for this purpose, and who writes of it in *Aircraft* (New York, July), tells us that no doubt many of the deaths already charged up to aviation were caused by the aviator discovering, when it was too late, that he was ascending, descending, or banking at too steep an angle, whereas if he had had an instrument in front of him, showing the exact angle, he could have been saved. We read:

"It is of the greatest importance to be able to know [more] positively by means of an accurate instrument at what angle the aeroplane is ascending, volplaning, or banking, than to depend entirely upon one's judgment.

"In fact, without an angle-indicator it is absolutely impossible for the aviator to balance himself while flying on a dark night, as in the case of Howard Gill who recently, while trying to fly at night, fell backward because he was unable to know at what angle he was ascending. . . .

"This indicator is designed to be placed in front of the aviator, attached to the aeroplane so as to have the pendulum dead center when the aeroplane is in flying position. It is composed of a cup which is a perfect part of a complete circle; it can be from one-quarter of a circle up to one-third of a circle; inside the cup the degrees are marked by lines running around it; the first line shows 10 degrees, the second line 20 degrees, etc. The

pendulum, which is the only movable part of the instrument, is an arm mounted on a large ball, which rests on three small balls, which brings it to the center of the cup. At the lower end of the pendulum there is a weight which is so calculated as to prevent any oscillation of the pendulum, which always takes a perpendicular position.

"When the aeroplane is ascending, the pendulum will move toward the aviator and the point of the pendulum will indicate the angle. In case the indicator is placed at a distance which prevents the aviator seeing in the cup the angle at which he is ascending, a looking-glass has been attached which will show the angle at all times.

"The pendulum operates in every direction, showing the exact angle of the aeroplane. The numbers marked on the cup show the dividing-line of safety and dangerous flying. For instance, when ascending, the pendulum should always be in a perfectly straight line with the numbers, as in this way it will show that the aeroplane is climbing perfectly. When the pendulum deviates from that line in either direction, then it is dangerous, for the machine is climbing and banking at the same time.

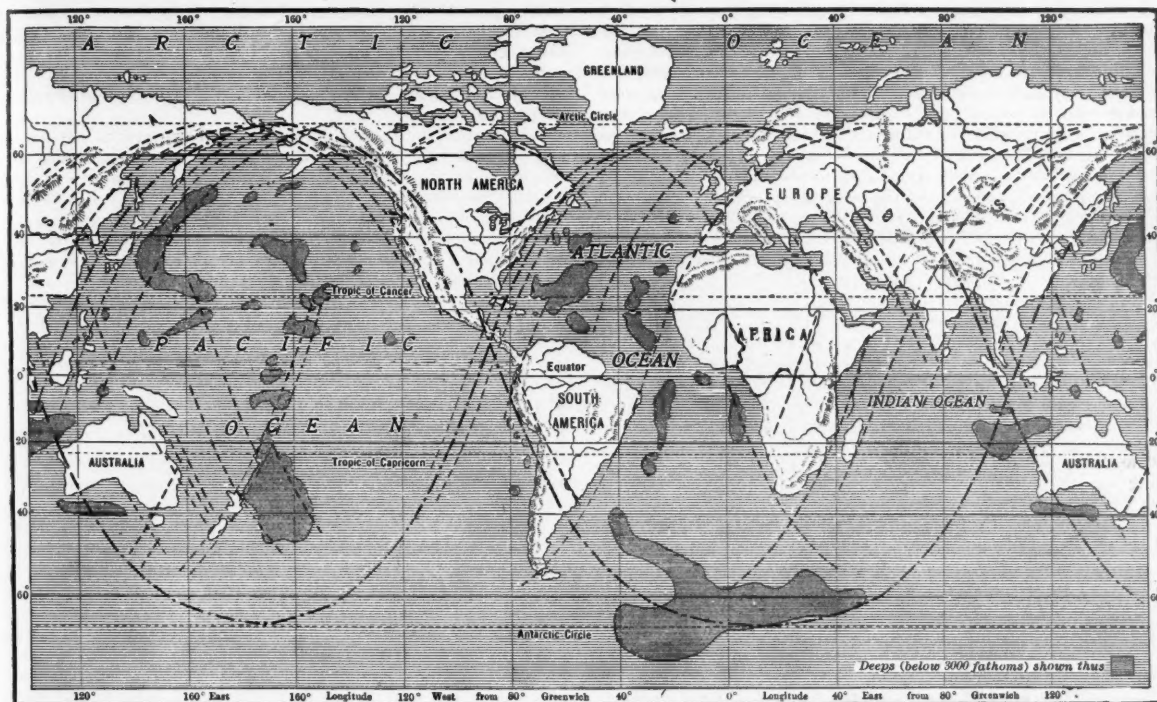
"To make an angle-indicator, all that is necessary is to spin a brass cup to one-quarter of a complete circle, attach it to a little stand of any description that will hold it on the aeroplane, make it black by the gun-metal process, divide the cup into degrees from the bottom center upward (one-quarter of a complete circle will make 45 degrees in every direction). Take a piece of sheet metal, bend it to form an arm to support the pendulum and set it upon three small balls, securing this arm so that the pendulum will hang at dead center. The part of the pendulum resting on the three balls must be a large perfect ball and the bottom weight twice as heavy as the top ball. One must be careful to place the arm at exactly a height of one-half the diameter of the circle



Illustrations used by courtesy of "Aircraft," New York.

TOP VIEW, LOOKING INTO THE LEWKOWICZ INDICATOR,
Showing the pendulum moved toward the aviator and indicating the angle at which the machine is climbing.

in order to make a perfect angle-indicator. By arranging a metal part inside of the cup that will obstruct the pendulum, you will then know when the danger angle is reached and be able to avoid trouble. The danger zone should be set 5 degrees inside of the safety limit."



HOLLOWS AND CRESTS OF THE "PETRIFIED TIDAL WAVES."

The ocean "deeps," according to Sir John Murray, and the mountain ranges. Dotted lines show great circles tangent to the polar circles.

PETRIFIED TIDAL WAVES

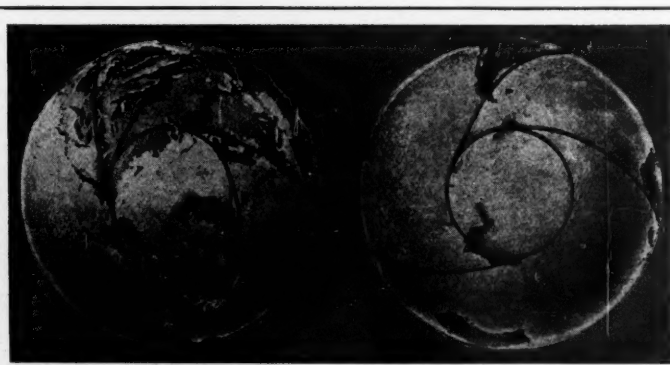
THAT EXISTING continental coast-lines, mountain ranges, and oceanic depressions are nothing more than solidified tidal waves in the originally plastic mass of the earth, is the belief of William Thayer Jordan, as advanced in an article on "The Form of the Earth," contributed to *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.). Mr. Jordan calls attention to a law, said to have been discovered as long ago as 1857 by Prof. R. Owen of Indiana, to the effect that all great shore-lines, world-ridges, and hollows are along great circles tangent to the polar circles. This, he says, has been unaccountably overlooked by later geologists. Their position is precisely that which would be taken by tidal waves in a liquid globe. Says Mr. Jordan:

"To account for the relation of the seas and the continental areas, the world-ridges and deeps, and the law of their arrangement relative to each other and to the earth's axis of revolution, which we have above observed, we need but to premise the following, namely, that the earth is a cooling mass of heterogeneous materials of varying densities, the force we call gravitation, and the centrifugal force caused by the earth's revolution. . . .

"Under the action of the earth's gravity the heaviest bodies composing the crust would sink, and ultimately reach great depths, thus causing the deeps, or antiplateaus, of the ocean-

basins; and also that vastly larger areas of lighter, yet relatively heavy material, would sink with them to lesser depths. These in the main would constitute the ocean-beds; and at the same time, as a result of this movement of the heavier masses changing proportionally the center of gravity, and also by the push and pressure, the opposite portions where the crust was not too heavy would be pushed up, thus forming the continental areas. . . .

"This world-wide and simultaneous movement of the earth's crust would give rise to vast and irregular areas between the sinking ocean-basins and the rising continents, where the crust would be subject to the pull of the sinking masses and the tug of the uppushed continents; and, too, the whole crust, whether rising or sinking, would be subject to the strain resulting from the pull of gravity adjusting it to the interior, as the earth's whole mass contracted from its constant loss of heat. And here comes into play the great determining factor as to the general arrangement of these lines and areas of stress which are to form the shore-lines of



Map showing points of tangency of some of the more important coast-lines to the north polar circle.

Map showing points of tangency of some of the more important coast-lines to the south polar circle.

TO PROVE THAT COAST-LINES ARE PETRIFIED TIDAL WAVES.

the nascent ocean-basins and continents, and direct the general trend of the great world-ridges. This determinant is the body-tide resulting from the combined gravitational effect of the earth, the sun, and the moon, and the earth's centrifugal force; the body-tides which in two great waves daily sweep around the earth; and have done so from the very earliest geologic ages.

"If, as is generally supposed, in these earlier ages the crust was more plastic than now, by so much the more must these

body-tides have been greater and more effective than at present. And if, as it is estimated that, at the present time, the maximum body-tides at the equator amount to nineteen and a half inches, how much greater must they have been in the earlier eons!

"Now, if from any cause a cooling and contracting body were thrown into a regular and continuous series of waves, the resulting folding and wrinkling would of necessity follow a course largely determined by these waves. To repeat, it is evident that as the earth shrinks from cooling its crust by so much becomes too large to fit the reduced spheroid; and under the stress of gravity it is constantly held close to the shrinking interior and becomes folded and wrinkled, pushed up into great ridges or mountain ranges with corresponding concavities. All this goes on at the same time with the sinking of the ocean-basins and the rising of the continents. Across and through all the earth, while it is under the stress and pull of these forces, plays the unceasing influence of the masses of the sun and moon; showing itself, as we have seen, in the body-tides, greater and, we need remember, all the more effective in the earlier ages, if the crust were more plastic.

"At midsummer and midwinter these body-tides are earth-waves whose crests are great circles passing through the poles; and as the earth moves forward in its orbit these wave-crests swing until at the equinoxes, at new and full moon, they form great circles tangent to the polar circles. These tangent circles mark the maximum divergence of these wave-crests and body-tides of the earth from the lines of longitude. The regular, twice daily, pull and stress caused by these body-tides, beginning with the birth of the earth, and then twice yearly through all the long geologic eons, coming to the invariable limit, seem to be the sufficient cause determining the almost universal approximation of the continental shore-lines and mountain ranges and allied phenomena to lines tangent to the polar circles. In a certain way we might almost call these mountain ranges and shore-lines petrified tidal waves."

TO ABOLISH PAIN AFTER OPERATIONS

IT IS generally assumed that the use of anesthetics during a surgical operation makes the results of that operation painless, but every one with hospital experience knows that this is not the case. The most distressing, altho not the most acute, part of the pain due to an operation comes after it is over, and hitherto surgeons have not been able, as Dr. Forbes Ross tells us in *The Lancet* (London, June 15), "to put the finishing touch on the efforts of science by ridding a patient finally and definitely of . . . reactionary pain." Popular dread of all surgical operations, in Dr. Ross's experience, is aimed chiefly at the suffering which patients undergo or expect to undergo or have seen friends suffer after an operation or an accidental injury. He has now succeeded, he writes, in devising a method that will enable a surgeon to guarantee a patient total freedom from pain after operation—a great advance in surgical procedure. This device, he says, is really only an extended form of local anesthesia—the continuation, locally, of anesthesia which during an operation has been general. Dr. Ross simply infiltrates the area of an operation wound, before making that wound, with a solution of quinin and urea hydrochlorid, and this, he says, produces a total absence of pain in the area of operation after the patient has recovered from the general anesthetic. We read in substance:

"The method of use is quite simple and within the reach of any operator. The patient is first put under a general anesthetic, and the surgeon proceeds to make multiple injections of a sterilized solution of quinin and urea hydrochlorid all over and around the site of his proposed incisions and manipulations.

"The effect of these injections is to produce an almost total loss of sensation in the parts for a length of time varying from twenty-four hours to six days, with absolutely no return or vestige of post-operative pain, until healing is complete, and a minimum of operative and post-operative shock. The vitality of the tissues injected is not jeopardized; indeed, the absence of pain tends to promote rapid healing. My experience so far has been that from the moment of the completion of an operation until the skin has healed, the patient is not conscious of suffering

from injury to the parts operated on. If further observations confirm these results the method will confer a boon on delicate and nervous women and others. Crusht limbs and fractures could be made painless and fatal shock averted by the immediate infiltration of the damaged part above the seat of injury with this solution.

"Infiltration anesthesia by cocain and suprarenal extract is very often accompanied by the most intense agony when the circulation of the infiltrated part begins to return and sensation is being reestablished. This is not the case with quinin and urea hydrochlorid anesthesia. This method, I suggest, should prove most useful in compound fractures and crusht limbs, and, indeed, to obviate pain after injury or operation in any part of the human body accessible to a hypodermic syringe."

BEWARE OF "CURES"

IT IS SERIOUSLY proposed by *The Medical Times* (New York, July) that laws be passed by the various State legislatures making it a crime to assert publicly that a medicine will positively "cure" any disease. Such assertion it considers *prima facie* evidence of fraud. Says this paper:

"The well-springs of hope which bubble up in the breasts of mankind have made manufacturers of nostrums wealthy. A person suffering from some chronic ailment grasps at any straw so long as it is labeled with a medical name. He gets the experience, often of the sorriest nature, while the quack gets the money. Men take patent medicines largely on account of their falsely extravagant claims of medicinal value. The advertisement announces that the nostrum will 'cure' from one to forty diseases, and the innocent and ignorant public is gulled into purchasing.

"CURE is a word which reputable physicians use with the greatest precaution. The practitioner who claims he can 'cure' a particular disease is a fakir, and has no place in the profession. He can say that by various means at his disposal he *hopes* to effect a cure, but until medicine becomes an exact science no one can safely proclaim himself positively able to bring about complete recovery. Physicians journeying to the sessions of the A. M. A. at Atlantic City were amazed at the effrontery of a patent-medicine concern in announcing on huge signs that a certain nostrum 'cures' eczema. The medical profession has found this disease most difficult to overcome, but the quacks have no hesitancy in claiming a 'cure' in their nostrum. To those who know, the assertion that this patent medicine 'cures' eczema is rankest nonsense, and it should be made a serious offense to put forth such silly, misleading, and at times harmful statements.

"We would like to see a law on the statute books of every State in the Union making a public claim of 'cure' a penal offense. There is a movement started by *Printer's Ink* to eradicate the advertising fakir. If this will include the lying statements of the patent-medicine man we will rejoice. If not, let some Moses arise to lead a movement which will chase the men who say they can 'cure' into some wilderness whence return is impossible. Let us emphatically repeat that no reputable physician will guarantee a 'cure.'"

A BOILING BATTERY—An electric battery in which the current strength is multiplied by six when its liquid is raised to boiling heat, has been devised by a Parisian inventor. Says *Popular Electricity* (Chicago, July):

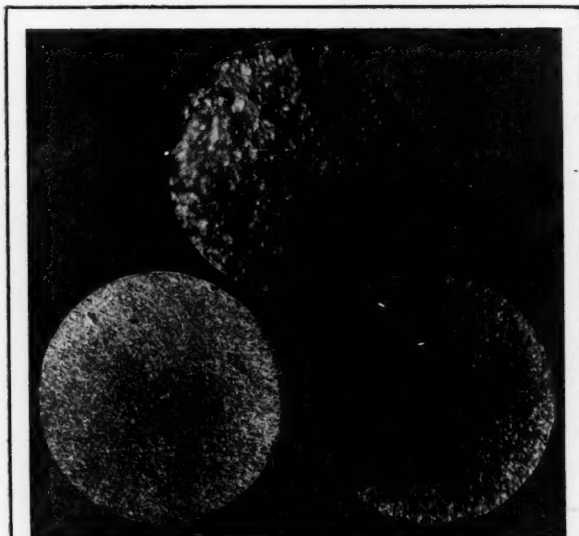
"To show how the battery acts, he makes the following experiment. He takes a porcelain vessel which will stand the heat of the fire, or probably an ordinary enameled vessel would do, and fills it with a weak acid solution, or, better, a bichromate battery solution. Two carbon plates are put in, leaving a middle space. A zinc rod or plate is attached to a wood handle so as to dip it into the bath between the carbons. A small, low-voltage incandescent lamp is connected to the carbons and the zinc in the usual way. On dipping in the zinc the current given by the battery cell is very small, and the lamp will hardly glow. Removing the zinc, he puts a small flame under the vessel so as to bring it about to a boil. Putting in the zinc again it is found that the lamp now glows brightly, and the inventor claims that the current, which he measured by instruments, is six times as much. His method is the subject of a French patent."

LESSENER OF POWER

THERE ARE TWO WAYS to accomplish mechanical operations with greater ease. One is to increase the power available to do the work; the other is to lessen the power necessary. To-day is the era of power-lessening. New England pastures, we are reminded by Edward K. Hammond in *Factory* (Chicago, June), were slowly cleared of stone with oxen and a stone-boat. A lighter team and a low-wheeled wagon require less energy. The saving comes from substituting rolling for sliding friction and such a substitution is characteristic of modern methods. An earlier age, desirous of moving the stone more quickly, would rather have added more oxen. Mr. Hammond has headed his article "Bearings that Run with Less Power," and in it he tells of ball bearings and of the great economies effected by their use in recent machine practise. He writes:

"Such increases of efficiency have been made under actual operating conditions in a great variety of industries, among which woodworking plants, flour-mills, machine-shops, electrical machinery, and textile-mills may be mentioned. In one specific instance, a textile-machine required seven and one-half horsepower to drive it and, owing to the heating of the plain bearings which were used, the machine could not be run for more than one-half hour at a stretch. This machine was later equipped with ball bearings and it was found that the power required to operate it had been reduced to two and one-half horse-power, while the machine could be run indefinitely without experiencing any difficulty from heated bearings.

"Furthermore, the best types of ball and roller bearings are virtually proof against wear because the friction which causes wear in ordinary bearings has been virtually eliminated and the alloy steel from which such bearings are made has been hardened to the limit of its capacity. . . . The failure of the early forms of ball bearings may be attributed to use of incorrect designs and materials, and to a failure to appreciate the refinements of size and structure which were required for the successful operation of a ball bearing. In such bearings, the load is carried by the points of contact between the balls and the races in which they run. . . . These conditions make it necessary for all of the balls in a bearing to be of exactly the same size, for if any



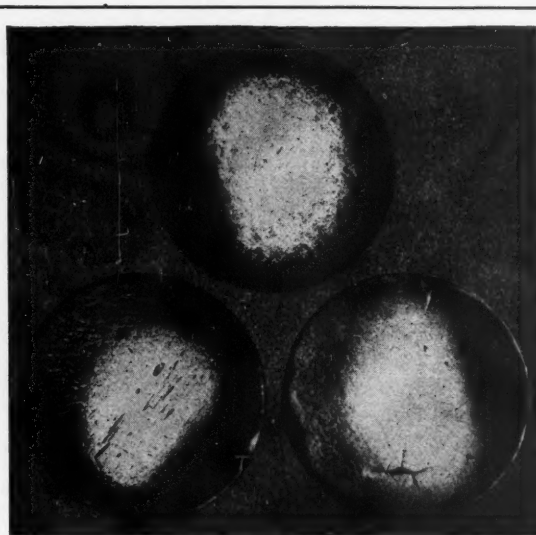
WHERE QUALITY TELLS.

These are samples of balls for bearings fractured for test. When split open the surface of the steel is an indication of quality. The fine-grained section is the best. The coarse grain soon becomes useless.

ball is the least trifle oversize, it will take the load from its fellows and cause an abnormal pressure; conversely, a ball which is too small will not be carrying its share of the load. The balls and races must also be hardened right to the center in order

that all parts of the bearing may have the same degree of compressibility. On account of these features, errors which are negligible in other forms of machinery must be eliminated in order to secure satisfactory service from a ball bearing. . . .

"In the process of manufacture, the balls and races are ground to size and then receive a mirror-like finish. The importance of this polishing will be realized when it is known that even the



FLAWS THAT WASTE POWER.

Three polished balls, magnified. One reveals a smooth surface, while the other two are seen to be rough and unserviceable.

smoothest finish is, in reality, a mass of scratches, and it is merely a matter of how minute these scratches are. If the scratches are too coarse, the balls exert a grinding action which causes the bearing to wear, and it is now realized that when any wear has developed, the life of a ball bearing is at an end."

But the need for uniformity, the writer goes on to say, does not end with size and shape. The balls must be of the same degree of hardness and each must be uniformly hard through and through. Balls are broken as a test, softness appearing as a coarsening of the crystalline texture; but even when each ball meets all requirements, arrangement and method of mounting are now carefully studied to meet the conditions of use. Says Mr. Hammond in part:

"The design of these bearings has been modified to meet the requirements of a variety of classes of service. Each style is also made in different sizes suitable for carrying different loads. Aside from these variations in the size of the balls and races, the ability to successfully meet the requirements of varying classes of service has been provided for by different forms of separators. For moderate speeds, a prest steel separator is used. For exceptionally high speeds and for railway service, the separator is made from a bronze casting. For the requirements of line-shaft service, the separator used is also made of cast bronze and the balls are held between bent prongs.

"The three preceding forms of bearings are designed to carry radial loads. But in many classes of service the load is exerted in a direction parallel with the axis of the shaft. Examples of such thrust loads are found in the spindles of drill-presses and boring-mills; in such cases, the substitution of ball bearings for plain bearings has been the means of effecting a considerable saving in power."

In short, the day when the only ball bearing was that of a bicycle has long passed by. There are almost as many varieties of bearings of this type as there are different kinds of machines—a striking example of our growing realization that it is better to lessen the power of resistance than to increase that of application.



ALMA-TADEMA

A PAINTER who dies rich has somehow to justify his riches by severer standards than other men of wealth. Did his wealth come by pleasing himself or pleasing the public? Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema is one of those about whose estimate the newspaper critic is indulging many shades of opinion. His death occurred on June 25; he had pursued a highly successful career for many years; the British public, which delights in the Royal Academy, delighted also in him, and gave him rewards which enabled him to live amid the same scenes of opulent splendor that he so fondly depicted. Few of his paintings ever came to America, so while his work is well known in reproduction, he can not be said to have made a large appeal to our art-lovers. Hence it is his reaction upon American taste that leads the *New York Times* to say that while "this admirable Dutchman" never "degraded British art," he "certainly did not uplift it"; and *The Sun* to observe that "his painted anecdotes, considered from the angle of amiable criticism, are about worthy enough to adorn bonbon boxes." He was "an incomparable craftsman in the art of representing the surface of things," adds the latter journal. "He added to his perpetual still-life touch of sentimentalism true mid-Victorian sentiment." Avowed classicalist as he was, he was so "Victorian" in the sentiment that pervaded his house, as well as his pictures, that "his near-classic abode in St. John's Wood," observes the *Boston Transcript*, "might well be acquired and preserved by the British nation as a monument of late Victorian taste." Of this famous domicile we read further:

"It has frequently been described as reflecting the personality of the painter who has just passed. The almost perfervid encomiums on it, to which great names are often attached, prove that educated England took the mansion under the gilded palette weather-vane as seriously as it took Whistler's Peacock Room frivolously. Against the glorious eclecticism of the villa let an occasional sulfidic heathen rage. Let Whistler himself, after one of the masquerades in which Sir Lawrence appeared as an 'Ancient Roman' in toga and eye-glasses, perpetrate his quip about his distinguished contemporary, 'amazing with his bare feet and Romano-Greek St. John's Wooden eye!' Let the less whimsical critic observe that the house which Alma-Tadema built around himself precisely and concretely illustrates what Mr. Pennell means when he says: 'While in England the artist was searching the Scriptures and the encyclopedia for subjects, in France he was training his eye to see things as they are.' Admixture, nevertheless, of art and artifice appealed to a great number of Sir Lawrence's adopted fellow countrymen as simon pure art, and his house for many years past has allured such literati as Edmund Gosse with 'the beauty and strangeness of its

contents.' Not excepting our own Venetian palace in the Fenway, limited, it is probably the most famous private house of art in either hemisphere."

The newspaper writer gives over the task of describing it, and quotes from among the many descriptive sketches part of that by Max Rooses, in his "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century," who renders it in this phrase:

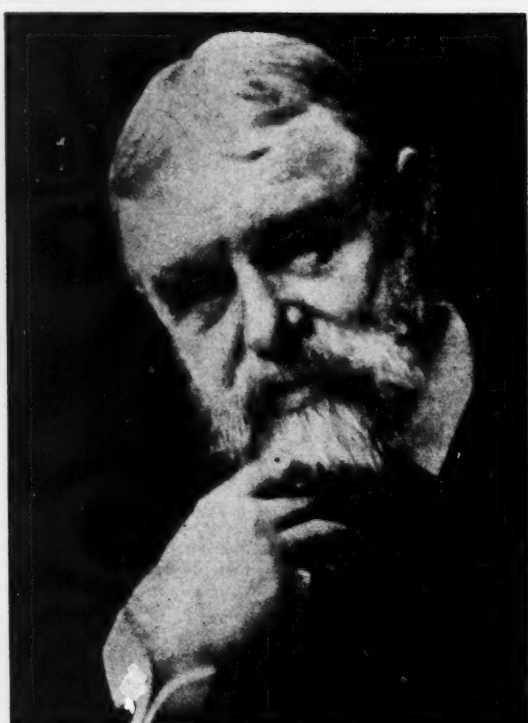
"Unless it be Pompeian, it is impossible to say in what style the Casa-Tadema is built. It is the style, however, of an optimist who enjoys light and life, and loves warmth and sunshine. Everything is open to the light of day, and every corner bears examination. Look at the marble pillars and the beautifully carved woodwork, the chairs and cushions, the silks and embroideries, and try to find something which jars against good taste; you can not, criticism fails, therefore give it up. In the distance the ear is soothed by the gentle plash of a fountain, as the water falls into a marble basin. . . . This home—to the perfecting of which Tadema has devoted every spare moment he has been able to snatch from the cause of art—is like a glance at his soul from the outside."

The *Brooklyn Eagle* seems to seize upon the traits in this artist that endeared him to his adopted country:

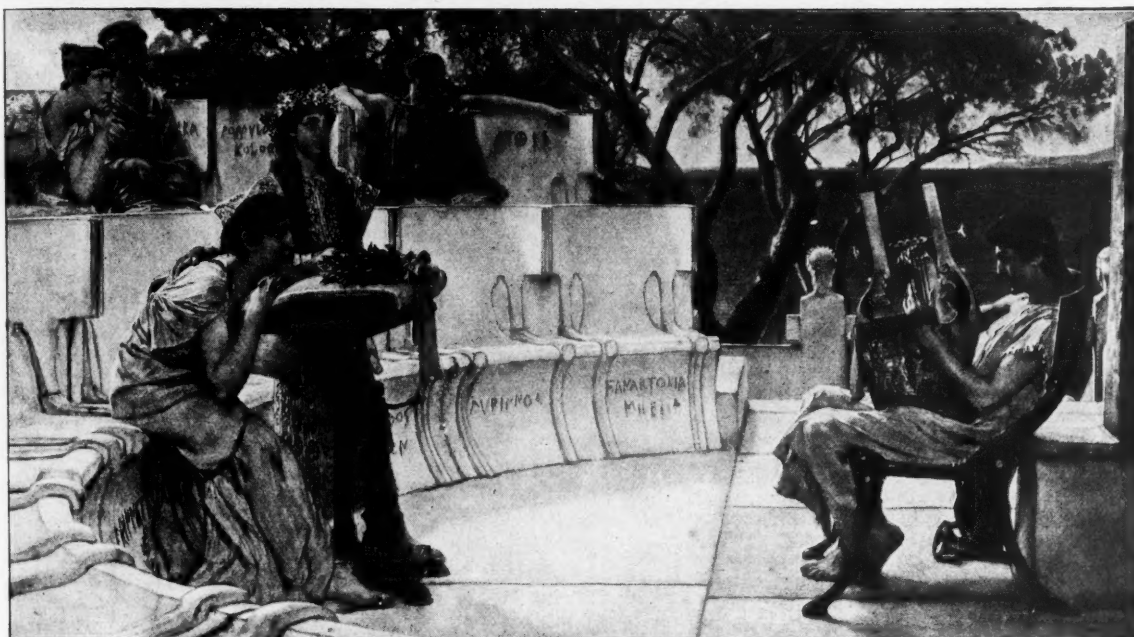
"The marvel in Alma-Tadema's art was his constructive imagination. To his imagination he added that which was absolutely necessary in bringing to him his success. That was a consummate knowledge of texture. The former was native talent; the latter was the result of years of patient observation and painstaking application to demands of technic. These two qualities combined to make the artist successful in England, where he really began his world-renowned career in 1870. His refined public loved the classics, and also that kind of art which is termed realistic. Looking at his representation of marble you could fancy that it would feel cold and smooth to the touch. His method was as far from impressionism as the poles are asunder. The recreation of the antique world was a wondrous aid to the imagination, and it helped to perpetuate that reverence for the past which is always dear to the English mind."

An estimate from one of his English confrères is published in the *London Morning Post*. Sir W. B. Richmond R.A., writes:

"To deny imagination to Tadema would be quite beside the mark. But it was less emotional than constructive, less vehement than classic, less romantic than realistic. His was an imagination perhaps more reconstructive than poetic and abstract, and in this quality of imagination he was only true to his nationality. And yet the dramatic element was upon occasion very sternly pronounced, notably in 'The Death of the First Born,' and 'The Pyrrhic Dance,' and in some few others of his Egyptian and Roman pieces. I only mention these two pictures because this little article is written more with a view to a general than particular analysis, and with a view to calling attention to the bigger aspects of Tadema's genius and method than



SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA.
Who "never degraded British art," and, thinks a critic,
"certainly did not uplift it."



SAPPHO.

From the painting by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

"Looking at his representation of marble you could fancy that it would feel cold and smooth to the touch."

to catalog his works, or divide up his artistic periods. It is probably fair, quite fair, to say that no European artist is, or in recent years has been, more fully equipped for his craft than Tadema. His exact mind was adverse to guessing, adverse to what is so often mistaken for inspiration, but which is in reality often only confusion, uncertain, ephemeral, and chaotic. He put it thus to himself, 'If I am to revive ancient life, if I am to make it re-live on canvas, I can do so not only by transposing my mind into the far-off ages, which deeply interest me, but I must do it with the aid of archeology.' 'I must not only create a *mise-en-scène* that is possible but probable, and if I succeed to make it look probable I shall have registered it not alone according to my fancy, but by my imagination, inasmuch as I have formed, made, and completed an image of the conditions under which life was played.' It is probably not known to the general public, and not widely among connoisseurs, that every picture that Tadema painted has a ground plan, that is to say, the buildings he rendered so beautifully in paint could be erected and are erected as they are shown on his canvas upon a space given to them on the plane of the picture. And in those buildings, both far and near, in those corridors, and among those columns, the people there could stand, sit, or lie. This method of arriving at truth, if it does not stand for all the truth, is a very big portion of it which, insensibly to the spectator, convinces him of reality.

"No Dutchman, no Italian, no English or French man has ever achieved the charms which knowledge of perspective has granted in verifying intricate conditions of plan and elevation, with so much resource and artistry as Tadema."

The London *Westminster Gazette*, after stating that he was born January 8, 1836, in the little village of Dronrijp, near Leeuwarden, in Holland, gives these brief facts of biography:

"Sir Lawrence became a naturalized Englishman in 1873; in 1876 he was elected A.R.A., and full Academician in 1879. He received decorations from most of the European courts, was a member of the Institute of France, as well as of many other foreign academies, while he boasted, further, the signal distinction implied by the letters O.M.

"In 1869, after the death of his wife, he came to England, which had always been the best market for his pictures, and found life in this country so much to his taste that he became a naturalized British subject, having already taken unto himself an English wife, the daughter of Mr. G. Napoleon Epps, M.R.C.S. She died in 1909."

WHAT PRINCETON MEN EARN

LAWYERS were rather low in the scale as earners in the list of Yale alumni of 1906, whose material successes for the first five years of their life out of college were shown in our pages on February 3. Princeton lawyers top the list of earning occupations, as revealed by the Decennial Record of the Class of 1901, just issued. Their average earnings are \$4,994.88, and the business men of the class, including bankers, insurance men, and publishers, follow closely with an average of \$4,684.60. Publishing and advertising were found to pay Yale men best at the end of five years, but, given a little more time, the law would seem to be a career of more attractive rewards. In the Princeton list the incomes from business, medicine, and law increase more rapidly than those from the other pursuits. A Princeton dispatch to the *New York Times* brings into reduced compass the results of the tabulation. It also views in comparison the results of the Yale investigation and some figures derived from a Harvard canvass. We quote:

"The average incomes [of Princeton, 1901] were: first year, \$706.44; second year, \$902.39; third year, \$1,198.94; fourth year, \$1,651.15; fifth year, \$2,039.42; sixth year, \$2,408.30; seventh year, \$2,382.33; eighth year, \$2,709.37; ninth year, \$3,221.89; tenth year, \$3,803.58. This record includes only individual earnings and is exclusive of allowances and legacies. Those men going to professional schools or taking graduate courses after leaving Princeton were not considered until they had finished their studies. To make the record complete the cards which the 1901 men filled out were confidential and anonymous.

"The class of 1906 of Yale is the only satisfactory basis for a comparison with Yale or Harvard classes. The first five years' record of Princeton, 1901, and Yale, 1906, shows that the Yale men earned more during the first three years, but the earnings of the Princeton men increased more rapidly, and, at the end of five years, are almost \$200 more than the Yale average. The Yale average incomes were \$740.14, \$968.80, \$1,286.91, \$1,522.98, \$1,885.31, as compared with the Princeton averages of \$706.44, \$902.39, \$1,198.94, \$1,651.15, \$2,039.42.

"Other statistics compiled by the 1901 men show the comparative number of marriages of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton,

and the number of children which have 1901 fathers from these several colleges. The class of 1901 from Princeton shows that of 268 men, 175, or a percentage of 65.2, are married. They have a total of 219 children, or a percentage of 1.25 to a marriage. The class of 1901 of Harvard has 720 members, of whom 398 are married, a percentage of 55.2. They have a total of 413 children, or a percentage of 1.03 to a marriage. At Yale from a class of 236 graduating in 1901, 128, or a percentage of 57.6, are married. They have 99 children, or a percentage of only 0.77."

The table of incomes gives the following results:

"Business for the first ten years gave the following average incomes from the first to the eleventh: \$705.54, \$934.42, \$1,196.19, \$1,956.61, \$2,402.77, \$2,860.30, \$2,756.50, \$3,073.64, \$3,861.46, \$4,684.69.

"Teachers for the first ten years earned the following average incomes each year: \$784.72, \$839.70, \$1,005.58, \$1,110, \$1,215.35, \$1,404.16, \$1,532.08, \$1,715.38, \$1,729.16, \$1,779.16.

"The clergymen's averages began the third year after graduation, and were: \$520, \$1,011.25, \$1,187.33, \$1,242.85, \$1,421.42, \$1,550, \$1,607.14, \$1,714.25.

"Lawyers earned during the ten years beginning at once after graduation: \$355.20, \$610.16, \$900, \$1,389.41, \$2,094.61, \$2,890.10, \$3,089.16, \$3,344.18, \$4,140.08, \$4,994.88.

"Physicians earned the following, beginning the second year after graduation from Princeton: \$1,106.25, \$1,714.87, \$1,471.15, \$1,366.22, \$1,503.60, \$2,116.13, \$2,434.48, \$3,094.45.

"Engineers earned \$648.88, \$1,029.50, \$1,218, \$1,328.18, \$1,878.18, \$2,620, \$2,387.55, \$2,707, \$2,700, \$3,002.

"The average incomes of journalists were \$741.25, \$825, \$1,096.66, \$1,213.33, \$1,413, \$1,412.50, \$1,740, \$1,983.75, \$2,115.

"The average incomes from other occupations, such as farming, chemistry, forestry, etc., were as follows: \$766.53, \$878.57, \$1,016.42, \$1,409.23, \$1,758.33, \$1,969.23, \$2,032.30, \$2,684.61, \$2,830, \$3,025.38."

THEATRICAL TASTE IN GERMANY

WHATEVER THE CRITICS may say of Richard Strauss, he can not be called a paying proposition, even in the country of his birth. From September, 1910, to August, 1911, Germany listened to 228 performances of his "Rosenkavalier." This was its first year, and doubtless curiosity was rife to hear the new work. "Elektra," on the other hand, fell from the record of 65 performances in its first year to but 44 for the last recorded one. What the national appetite for amusement is we find reckoned not in dollars and cents, as Paris and New York recently express themselves, but in a carefully computed record of all the performances given in the theaters of the Fatherland. As the figures appear in the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) there were over 38,000 performances in all, given in 435 cities and towns and on 665 stages. There were 2,525 works representing the product of 1,324 authors. Of these, 2,056 were plays distributed among 1,077 dramatists, and 218 operas, the work of 121 composers, with 208 operettas done by 93 composers. Going on to consider individual works:

"It is interesting to compare the increase or decrease in the number of performances of the same work with that of the previous year.

"Fidelio" increases from 191 to 208 performances.

"Figaros Hochzeit" (The Marriage of Figaro) from 151 to 165.

"Die Zauberflöte" (The Magic Flute) from 178 to 208.

"Salome" from 37 to 69.

"Tristan und Isolde" from 123 to 132, while 'Siegfried' decreases from 150 to 133 performances.

"The 'Rosenkavalier' appears for the first time on the list and reaches 228 performances, but

"Elektra" has but 44, in the previous year 65, performances.

"The performances of the popular light opera show a marked increase: 'Der Graf von Luxemburg' (The Count of Luxemburg) from 1,365 to 1,794, 'Zigeunerliebe' (Gipsy Love) from 184 to 605 performances. The demand for the older operettas abates—

"Die Dollarprinzessin" (The Dollar Princess) decreases from 768 to 414, 'Der Fidele Bauer' (The Jolly Farmer) from 1,184

to 671. A notable exception is Johann Strauss's 'Die Fledermaus' (The Bat), which retains its never-failing popularity.

"Among the 'classics' Goethe's 'Iphigenia' increased from 89 to 104 performances.

"Schiller, on the contrary, represented with 14 plays, decreased from 2,044 to 1,584, but

"Lessing's 'Minna von Barnhelm' increased from 157 to 220 performances.

"Among the modern works—

"Taifun" (Typhoon) increases from 89 to 703, and Tolstoy's 'Macht der Finsternis' (The Power of Darkness) from 1 to 87.

"Of the plays produced for the first time during the year:

"Schönherr's 'Glaube und Heimat' (Faith and Home) was given 1,623 times, Hermann Balus's 'Kinder' (Children) 241, 'Meyers' 394, 'Bummelstudenten' (The Student Loafers) 429 times.

"Sixteen plays by Hermann Sudermann were given, but the performances decreased from 1,062 to 991.

"Gerhardt Hauptmann was also represented with 16 plays, but with an increase from 559 to 619 performances.

"Ibsen, with 19 plays, decreases from 724 to 686, while

"Hebbel, with 11 plays, increases from 245 to 448 performances.

"Kleist, with 6 plays and 214 performances, increases with 8 plays to 327.

"Shakespeare shows ever-increasing popularity, 1,042 performances with 25 plays, against 958 with 21 plays in the previous year."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

ROUSSEAU'S DOUBTFUL HERITAGE

FRANCE, while preparing to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of her men of light and leading, Jean Jacques Rousseau, had a rude blow from another of her famous men of letters, Mr. Maurice Barrès. He arose in Parliament and told his fellow legislators that they had only to thank the man, whose brow they were planning to re-crown, for the red terrors of the automobile-bandits, Garnier and Bonnot, through which they had just passed. The heritage of Rousseau, literary, artistic, and social, is viewed somewhat in the same vein on our side of the ocean, tho in France, as Mr. Barrès points out, it shows itself even more in the realm of acts than of ideas; in which latter sphere an American writer indicates our own debt to the Frenchman. Mr. Barrès is an Academician, and, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, he "leads young France in its reaction away from Rousseau's revolution." His protest is not religious, altho, we are told, "the bicentenary is to be observed by putting up yet another antireligious monument—figures sculptured by Bartholomé—in the Panthéon, which was a church till Victor Hugo's body was laid there." Sections of Mr. Barrès' speech are given us by this correspondent:

"I shall not vote for the appropriation the Government asks for the glorification of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and I should like briefly to explain why. I admire as much as any one the artist, all passion and sensibility. . . . As to the man himself, with his poor, peevish virtue allied to such lyric love of nature and solitude—no, I will not draw up his indictment. And I do not dispute, from the social point of view, that he had his moment of use and even of well-doing. . . . I feel all the truth of a sentence I have kept in mind from a young *émigré*, the son of General Custine, who was guillotined by the Revolution: 'How I understand Rousseau, and his sublime hatred for refined vices!' After reading Lacroix's book, that veritable epic of certain eighteenth-century salons, we excuse any excess in Rousseau's love for nature—he makes us breathe pure air.

"This, gentlemen, is my share in admiration. But you ask more of me. You wish me to adhere to the social, political, and pedagogical principles of the author of the 'Discourse on Inequality,' the 'Contrat Social,' and 'Emile.' That I can not do—and let me add that the greater part of you also can not do so.

"At the hour in which we are, have you really the idea that it is useful and fruitful to exalt solemnly in the name of the state the man who invented the detestable paradox that puts society outside of nature, and stirs the individual against society in the

name of nature? It is not at the moment when you strike down like dogs those who rise against society, saying it is unjust and evil, and declare war to the death against it, that we ought to glorify the man claimed justly as theirs by all theorists of anarchy. Nothing stands between Kropotkin or Jean Grave and Rousseau—and neither Kropotkin nor Jean Grave can intellectually refuse to own as theirs Garnier and Bonnot."

The American writer, Lewis Piaget Shanks, who pays his debt to Rousseau in *The Dial* (Chicago), finds that the Rousseauistic education which we have been cultivating is clearly responsible for the "Rousseauism in politics" now so widespread. In this way:

"It was Jean-Jacques who first stood for pedagogic naturalism, so intolerant of discipline and the direct training of the character and the will. If we consider our present educational system, most of its features are ultimately traceable to Rousseau. What do our schools and colleges stand for to-day? Interest, amusement, rather than set tasks; election of congenial studies (since life has in store for us no uncongenial labors); non-sectarianism; and then, absence of all that religious training which makes character; neglect of philosophy and metaphysics which make thinkers (what need have we of thinkers?); predominance of natural sciences, which are mainly nomenclatures, over that harder intellectual training which makes leaders (why should we train leaders, being a democracy?); predominance of utilitarian subjects and manual training over history (what can we, the heirs of all the ages, learn from a dry and dusty Past?). Yes, if the incapacity of our present school and college students be taken into account, if we consider their weakness in thinking, in character, and in power of self-control, we must admit that we are educating our children up to the requirements of a Socialistic or syndicalistic Utopia.

"Furthermore, we are helping matters in other ways. Rousseauism in the schools goes hand in hand with Rousseauism in Art and Literature, since artist and public are alike trained to prefer an emotional naturalism to the 'aristocratic' beauty of self-control. What Jean-Jacques has given us in the excesses of the Romantic school, what his ideals of esthetics are giving us to-day, such critics as Monsieur Lasserre and our own Professor Babbitt have shown us: 'Le Romantisme Français' and 'The New Laokoön' will perhaps mark an epoch in the history of the ideas of the twentieth century. In our industrial civilization, where many have come to see in Art and Literature only a form of amusement or a titillation of the senses, where the excesses of certain persons have degraded the very connotation of the adjective 'artistic,' such books as these ought to open our eyes to the future of Art and Letters under present conditions. If critics and artists do not unite in the formulation of a more virile ideal, the whole subject of Art may find itself relegated to that feminine control which Herbert Spencer prophesied as its ultimate function. Shall we then confess that we are incapable of rising above the lower esthetic conception—of transcending the Romantic subjection to passion and sentiment for the classical inspiration of intellectual vision?"

England, at least in so far as the *London Nation* represents it, finds Rousseau a more admirable figure, a "first-rate reformer," perhaps because she accepts less from him, and can only view him academically. We read:

"Solid thinkers, no doubt, tend to believe that modern times

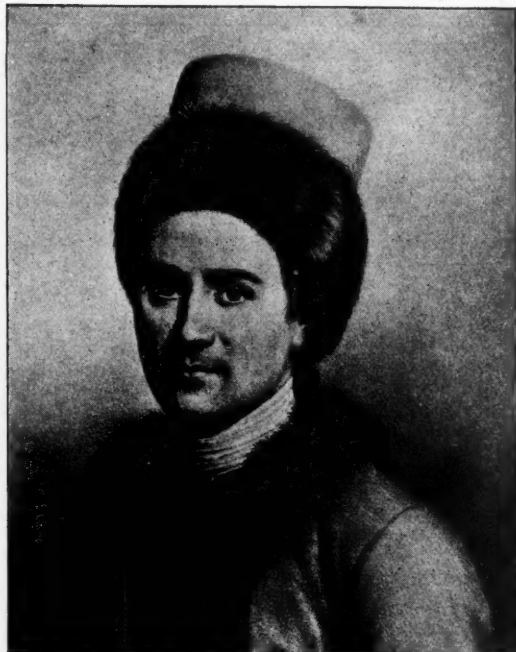
have somehow conspired to give undue influence to Rousseau. His intellect was prolific rather than profound, inflammatory rather than exploratory. But he had the knack of applying his torch at the right place in many fields of activity, and of kindling separate fires in many rubbish-heaps of obsolescent notions and conventions. The social problem in its distinctively economic aspects lay before him, seeking a far more radical solution than was actually accorded to it by a too narrowly political revolution, compassed by middle-class politicians. Rousseau perceived, almost as clearly as Mazzini a century later, that the misery of the peoples demanded the attainment of effective economic as well as political democracy; altho, living before the era of great mechanical inventions, he had no vision of the modern social movement.

"Indeed, the greatness of Rousseau as an intellectual force lay in his recognition of the need for simultaneous revolutions in all departments of life. This gave a certain encyclopedic quality to his activities. He saw the necessity of combining individual reform of character with social change, and so attacked the roots of character in education and the home. The 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' frankly speaking, is not found readable, excepting as an effort, by modern Englishmen, or possibly by modern Frenchmen. We find an admirably characteristic sentence passed upon it in an English work that lies before us. 'The "New Héloïse" is a remarkable combination of overstrained sentiment and practical good sense, without any of that faculty which we call the sense of humor being employed to restrain or harmonize them.' The same is true of large sections of the 'Emile'; even 'The Savoyard Vicar,' the vehicle of many of Rousseau's sincerest and noblest sentiments, overloads us with moral platitudes. But for all that, we have no right to refuse

to Rousseau a high and proper place as a first-rate reformer in literature and language, in education, religious thought, and family life, as in the larger movement of politics. The men and women of his time and age were moved passionately by his writings; not only statesmen legislated at his command but mothers suckled their own children because he bade them. Not the least of Rousseau's achievements was the discovery of the joys and beauties of the country, what Saint Beuve called *le sentiment de vert*; not, it is true, the full Wordsworthian spirituality of nature, but a genuine current of reaction against artifice and luxury in a society perishing of these excesses."

Those who are intent upon celebrating his bicentenary are claiming that Jean-Jacques was "the spiritual father alike of the American constitution, the French revolution, the Romantic movement in literature, and the Froebel Institutes." He may have been all these, but Mr. Francis Gribble claims (in the *London Daily News*) that he takes his place as "a man of sentiment" in the history alike of literature and philosophy, adding:

"He was, before everything else, *ame sensible*. His one important novel was the fountain of the *sensiblerie* which pervaded French fiction for several generations, and it also brought *sensiblerie* into politics. The Revolutionists—from Robespierre downwards—were full of *sensiblerie*, and it was from Rousseau's writings that they derived it. Even Billaud-Varennes . . . said that he could never read 'La nouvelle Héloïse' without crying over it. Rousseau, in short, offered the world sentiment at a moment when the world wanted it very badly. The world accepted the gift gratefully, and used it for its own purposes—purposes of which the man who proffered the gift was too vain and weak and ineffective even to dream."



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Who with Kropotkin and Jean Grave, says Maurice Barrès, was the intellectual father of the Paris automobile-bandits.



RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



CATHOLIC FAMILIES OF CANADA

RACE SUICIDE, so often pointed to as a grave peril for France, is invisibly remote in French Canada. The province of Quebec so abounds in large families that it is capable of supplying the deficiency of its mother-country. Indeed, the late distinguished economist, Mr. Leroy Beaulieu, recently said: "Give us 10,000 French-Canadians and we will

ilies received the premium. Of this number 150 families had 14 to 18 living children; in some cases where one or the other of the parents was married twice, the number of living children ranged from 18 to 27 children. Since the foundation of Quebec in 1608 there have been entered upon the parish registers, up to 1883, a total of 2,900,000 births, or 67.25 per one thousand population. French-Canadian families of eight and ten children are not

uncommon. The average size of a family is five children—an average that will be maintained, one should think, unless alcoholism, which is beginning to plague our race, pervades the rural districts.

"The fact that the French-Canadian families have not yielded to any considerable extent to the tendencies of the times, one can not repeat often enough, is due entirely to their splendid Catholic faith. The fear of God has actuated them in their lives. The dread of poverty, so frequently associated in the minds of some with the existence of a large family, has not influenced them to thwart the laws of nature or to outrage the laws of God. Their reward has been a progeny that is physically,

mentally, and morally equal, if indeed not superior, to any people on the face of the earth. The boys are manly, the girls womanly; for the very existence of many children in a family helps to develop traits and characteristics that raise them in many respects above the pampered children of the rich. Physically they are strong and healthy. When the children are from nine to ten years old they begin to help the parents to work. 'Work?' shouts the hysterical sentimentalist. 'Terrible, is it not, to put children of nine to ten years to work!' No, monsieur or madame, it is not terrible. They work not beyond their strength; they are not overtaxed; it is a species of play for them; they are out in the field with the father; his work is strenuous; theirs is light and invigorating. The proof of this lies in the fact that they grow up into physically strong and healthy men and women. Nature seems to approve of it, even tho modern, sentimental, selfish, non-child-producing society frowns and pretends to be shocked."



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Extension Magazine," Chicago.

A FAMILY OF SIXTEEN CHILDREN.

That the French-Canadian population has doubled every twenty-five years is declared to be due to one potent cause at least, that "the great body of the people are still religious."

repeople France." In 1754 the last census under French régime showed 55,000 French in Canada. This number has doubled every twenty-five years, says Eugene Rouillard, so that now they aggregate 3,300,000. Imprest by these facts, *The Evening Sun* (New York) confirms this writer in *Extension* (Catholic, Chicago) in the belief that a "very potent cause is the fact that the great body of the people are still religious, and have kept on in the ancient Catholic faith of their fathers." This spiritual fortification, it is asserted, has a main share in the result of doubling this population every twenty-five years:

"They have not distrusted the future; have not feared that they could not support their large families. They have gone on working steadily, living frugally, and obeying the admonitions of the Church; they have derived neither poverty nor riches, and they have come into the splendid inheritance of a sturdy race, living on its own lands, with the traditions of health, happiness, peace, and plenty, content with a modest competence, and the exponents of moderation in all things."

A paternal government has not been slow to reward the effort of its people in "multiplying and replenishing" the earth:

"In 1890 the Government of the Province of Quebec passed a law granting a piece of land to every head of a family that could boast of twelve or more children. This grant was later changed to a cash premium. Until 1905 a total of 5,414 fam-



ANOTHER.

The progeny of French-Canadians is "physically, mentally, and morally equal, if indeed not superior, to any people on the face of the earth." At nine or ten the children begin to help the parents work.

Large families do not appear to interfere with educational opportunities. In the three largest archdioceses are to be found these educational institutions:

"In the archdiocese of Montreal there is a Catholic population of 472,000. Roughly, we might say that 400,000 of these are French-Canadians. For this population there is one university, having a normal school and faculties of arts, medicine, law, etc. There are eight classical colleges and 731 Catholic schools. And then we have spoken only for the boys. This does not count the numerous educational boarding-schools and other educational institutions for women. In this archdiocese alone there are 88,000 pupils.

"In the archdiocese of Ottawa there is a university fully equipped, and one classical college. There are 450 Catholic schools with 30,000 pupils. It must be remembered that this diocese is mixt English and French, with French predominating, and many Catholic children go to the public schools.

"The archdiocese of Quebec is almost exclusively French-Canadian. The Catholic population numbers about 360,000. There is again a fully equipped university and three classical colleges. There are 1,750 students of the classics. There are 1,272 Catholic schools and 36,500 pupils."

The percentage of literacy is as high as in any other part of North America, we are told. All the children can read and write, and none is deprived of school advantages. Further:

"The French-Canadians have few millionaires among them, but there are a few. On the other hand, they have no poor. The poor, even in the great city of Montreal, are not French-Canadians. Among the smaller places one town, Nicolet, will serve as an example. Conversing with one of the citizens, the writer asked him if there were a large number of poor. He answered that practically there were no poor. 'We are neither rich nor poor. Every one makes a living, and a comfortable living. Our farmers are even prosperous.' The question was asked if the large families did not have the tendency to make the people poor, and he laughed and said that on the farms the large families were a distinct advantage, for, while farmers in English-speaking portions of the country could get no help at all, the French-Canadians never lacked for it."

CHICAGO'S SUNDAY EVENING CLUB

JACOB A. RIIS tells an anecdote of a tradesman who, tho he paid church dues regularly, never attended, because "people nowadays don't want to go to church." Chicago, however, has an organization called the Sunday Evening Club that might draw this benevolent absentee from his hearthstone. That there is a peculiar sentiment about the Sunday Evening Club is seen in the fact that, rain or shine, the 3,000 seats of Chicago's Orchestra Hall are filled at every service. The Club even has considered the advisability of renting another downtown hall of double the present seating capacity. Mr. Riis writes in the *July World's Work*:

"It is true that it does not call itself a church, and lays no claim to denominational fellowship; but it is also true that it gathers within its doors every Sunday night during eight months of the year one of the largest congregations to be found in the land, if indeed it has an equal in point of numbers, and that it is making itself felt in constantly increasing measure as a distinct religious influence where that was the greatest need."

The young clergyman, who prefers "President" to "Doctor," saw his opportunity in noticing that the trade center and hotel and furnished-room region of Chicago, known as the "Loop District," was a social organism not unlike the Latin Quarter of Paris. Clifford W. Barnes had just come from a year's residence in Paris, and the experiences he had gained there he proposed to use to the welfare of downtown Chicago with its traveling salesmen, engineers, janitors, caretakers, and "the homeless army of young men and women who live in boarding-houses and furnished rooms." Mr. Riis calls the latter group "the most forlorn class in any great city, as many a reader knows from personal experience."

To reach this unenrolled audience the club's directors systematically advertised:

"They enlisted the newspapers first. Then cards were placed in every hotel, and freely circulated, giving hour and place of their meetings. For a while, when there was yet room to spare, every guest who had registered in the hotels of the district up to a late hour Saturday night found a personal letter in his box at noon on Sunday, asking him to come."

The plan worked so well, even from the start, that many persons were kept waiting in the halls. In this situation something resembling a Bible class, but "more like a neighborly gathering," was used for the time before the doors of the auditorium should be opened:

"Bible class, would you call it? Hardly that; it is more like a neighborly gathering where they all sing together and have a good time, and Mr. Barnes tells stories of the life of Jesus in the simple language of plain men. He told me once that he shivered and shook and was afraid he couldn't do it right. If that is the way, he is like the old general who regularly before a battle went away by himself and told his limbs to shiver and get done with it, he had work to do; and then, when the fit was over, went out and won the fight. There will be, in long after years, many a Chicago business man who will remember those meetings with a glow of grateful feeling. The 'Class' now numbers seventeen hundred men, regular in attendance.

"At 7:35 the doors of the hall are thrown open to the rush, and the evening service begins with orchestral music. The great choir that leads the worship at the Chicago Sunday Evening Club is another of its achievements. They had volunteers first, and a quartet of highly trained singers. Of their experiences with these was evolved the present choir of eighty voices from Chicago's music schools that comes twice a week for practise, glad of the chance, and gives to the service a musical setting the like of which one shall seek far to find. It lends, in its simple robes, the one touch of ritual to the meeting."

The most remarkable thing about the program is its simplicity. "If I were to formulate the creed of the Sunday Evening Club, I should put it, 'All God's Children.' It is as wide as that." The speakers include judges, rabbis, presidents of corporations, social workers, and a French baron.

"There is a collection, of course. It has never been emphasized, but, as an expression of the conscience of the meeting, it has grown steadily from forty or fifty dollars, until now it averages a hundred. And Mr. Barnes tells me that among the contributions which aggregate the large sum of \$20,000 that goes to support the work, are many of five dollars or less that clearly represent the gratitude of traveling men and clerks who thus pay their club membership fees—the only way they are ever collected.

"'Come Thou Almighty King,' they sang the last Sunday evening I worshiped with them, and then came the address, another hymn, and the benediction. It is a rare inspiration to look into those thousands of faces from the platform. A suggestive departure from the ordinary church congregation strikes one at



CLIFFORD W. BARNES.

Who has had judges, rabbis, presidents of corporations, social workers, and a French baron to address the Sunday Evening Club.

once: three-fourths of them are men, young men and old men, the grist of the business district. There are no cranks among them, or, if they are there, they are not heard of, for there is no discussion. But not infrequently does one hear an old-time 'Amen, Lord!' And after the organ has ceased booming, many a gray-haired brother comes to shake the speaker by the hand and give him a hearty 'God bless you!' on his way."

Out of the ranks of the Club has sprung a Men's League for dealing with citizenship problems. It has 250 members with a first-grade citizen leader in the person of the young theologian president of the League. Mr. Riis ends:

"One is not surprised to learn that the man whose energy and faith in his fellow men has primarily wrought this result is the same who, as chairman of the Committee of Fifteen, is battling effectively with the White Slave traffic in Chicago, and, as president of the Legislative Voters' League, brought the charges against Senator Lorimer that have stirred the country from one end to the other. It seems natural to expect Clifford W. Barnes to be that kind of citizen. And it is very wholesome that it should be so."

WHAT "THE MENACE" FEARS

OUR READERS have heard of a paper issuing from Aurora, Mo., which aims to combat "the menace" of the Catholic hierarchy in this country. As report places its circulation well along toward the million mark, its utterances are of interest and importance to all observers of religious thought, and our readers are entitled to a specimen of its opinion. We select portions of a full-page editorial, signed by C. Bradway, imputing to our political leaders subservience to the Catholic vote. President Taft is the first one dealt with, and counts against him, both in and out of office, mount up to the number of eleven. They are declared to be merely a "record of facts," such as his recommending the purchase of the friar lands in the Philippines, his "numerous appointments to public office of Catholics," his attendance at Catholic public celebrations, his "rescinding Commissioner Valentine's order prohibiting the wearing of sectarian garb in the Government Indian schools," his sitting at table in Boston "with Cardinal O'Connell seated at his right, in preference to the chief executive of that State, thereby establishing a precedent that the so-called 'foreign princes of the Vatican blood' rank next to the President of the United States in all public functions," his congratulatory cablegram to the new American Cardinals, and his dispatching Major Butt on a mission to the Pope; his exclusion of Masonic emblems from soldiers' graves at Arlington, and his refusal, as a Mason, to attend this summer's international convention of Knights Templar. As a preliminary to these counts *The Menace* deals with the President's refusal to make public, on Mr. Bryan's request, "the motives that induced him to select Justice White in preference to Justice Harlan" as chief of the Supreme Court. We read:

"White was a Democrat, younger in service, and known to have views favorable to the trusts and the privileged class, while Justice Harlan was a Republican, served longer than White, and was known to have views opposed to the trusts and monopolistic interests. Of course, Mr. Taft ignored the demand, but from this little episode, one questions why Mr. Bryan, when specifying the comparative qualifications of the two justices, failed to demand of President Taft his motive for appointing to the highest position in the highest court of this Republic, a Roman Catholic. It would seem that there is some significance to be attached to Mr. Bryan's failure to ask this question. It is perfectly obvious that Mr. Taft made this appointment, and numerous others, for the same reason that Governor Foss of Massachusetts, within the short period of a few months from his inauguration, appointed nine Roman Catholics to the judicial bench of the State, the reason being in both cases a fulfillment of obligations to, and a rewarding of, the Catholic voters for their support."

At the time the editorial was written it seemed to *The Menace* that Mr. Roosevelt's "record in connection with the hierarchy of

Rome is a matter of great moment to the nation." So Mr. Roosevelt is taken to task for his speech at the jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons, June 6, 1911. Thus:

"The most important passage in the Colonel's speech, judging from the extracts in the daily papers, was this—that some time there would be a Catholic President. This utterance, possibly made thoughtlessly under the enthusiasm of the occasion, no doubt has done much to increase his hold on the Catholic vote, and to encourage their effort 'to make America Catholic.' Besides Taft, Roosevelt is the only living man who knows the tremendous power which a President holds within his grasp, and a Catholic President at the present time would be a national calamity, and a blow to the free government which is the blood-bought legacy inherited from our forefathers. A Catholic is born and nurtured under the principle that the Pope is supreme in temporal as well as spiritual affairs; that all must owe obedience to him; that every Catholic, to be loyal, must be a Catholic first and a citizen afterward; and that the promotion of the welfare of the Church is supreme to that of the State. These being undeniably and essentially the cardinal principles of the hierarchy, a Catholic President could not be loyal to the oath exacted by our Constitution and loyal to the traditions of our country, and at the same time serve Rome. It is only when the Jesuits are expelled from this country, and the ambitious political power of the hierarchy of Rome completely broken, that we can safely have a Catholic President, and therefore, for Roosevelt to give unqualified indorsement to a hope, such as Cardinal Gibbons express in a recent issue of *The Outlook*—that they may some time have a Catholic President—is absurdly rash, and apparently uttered for personal motives."

Democratic leaders, we are assured, no less than the Republicans, "are tainted with that disease that has infested our political life during the past few decades, and they, too, have succumbed to the belief that the only hope to elect a President is through capturing the Catholic vote." Likely candidates for the nomination, Clark, Harmon, and Wilson, are impartially presented as bowing the knee. The real candidate, of course, interests us most now:

"Governor Wilson is said to have lost a strong grasp on the South recently, because of the development of facts showing his pollution by Catholic connections. Early in the nominating campaign the South was regarded as strong for him, but when the selection of delegates came about, he was weighed and found wanting. His first official act after he was inaugurated governor, was to appoint a Catholic private secretary, and he has indiscriminately associated with Catholic influence ever since. Recently he approved a bill drafted and engineered through the legislature by Catholics to prevent justices of the peace from performing marriage ceremonies, thus taking away from the illy paid justices their small marriage fees, and diverting this business to the priests, who are notorious for charging exorbitant fees. Such and other acts have weighed heavily against Governor Wilson . . . and he will suffer, as suffer he must, if he is proved faithless to patriotic ideals."

Mr. Bryan, as a leader, if not a candidate, is not overlooked:

"Why should Bryan, who has nothing to lose, but an immortal name to gain, who is not a candidate for office, who is sole proprietor of a strong paper, and is the alleged living exponent of the Jeffersonian principles, remain silent against the Catholic power when they denounce as undemocratic and un-American the principles which Bryan has been vigorously advocating? Did Mr. Bryan raise his voice against Cardinal Gibbons, when the latter denounced the initiative, referendum, and recall, and the popular election of senators? No, he is compelled to adopt the policy of silence against their aims 'to make America Catholic.' Indeed, for his silence and inaction he has been commended, for in a recent issue of his *Commoner* he was defended by a friendly Catholic who has known him for years, and who said that Bryan had never said, or printed in his paper, anything detrimental to the Catholic cause. This defense was made in response to a criticism by a Catholic paper that Bryan acted unreasonably harsh at the time he was last defeated, when he said it was the Catholic vote that elected Taft. This statement is about the only bad thing on record against Bryan in the Catholic eye, and as he wants this to be forgotten just now, he publishes in his *Commoner* the defense offered by a friendly Catholic."



REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS



THE UNDERWORLD OF LONDON*

Reviewed for THE LITERARY DIGEST by

JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "The Battle with the Slums," "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen," etc.

I HAD been poking about the slums of London and one day, to get its taste out of my mouth, went to the British Museum to spend the afternoon. Starting from the Rosetta stone, that speaks across the ages of the mighty builders of a forgotten day, I had strolled deeper and deeper into the hoary past of the race toward the gray dawn, as it seemed, of all things, when I came suddenly upon something that stirred my imagination as nothing had till then, or has since. It was a huge human arm, torn from the shoulder of some giant rock image to which it gave no clue. There it lay, the great fist doubled, every rigid muscle intent with angry menace. Whence did it come? What was it trying to tell us all? To me, weary with days and nights spent in the poverty and misery of Whitechapel, of Green Dragon Yard, of one foul alley after another, where life was a mockery and hope was dead, it seemed charged with a message of warning, to the city, to the land where wealth piles up and men perish for the want of bread; a message unheeded through all the years, but louder, more urgent as they pass; never more clamorous than to-day.

The fist and its threat rose up before me when I had finished reading Thomas Holmes' "London's Underworld." Lest any one fall into the error that we have here to do with a sensational exposé of the hidden sores of the world's metropolis, let it be said at once that this man, who says sharply that the way we now deal with these sores does more harm than good, instead of lessening makes them grow, was police-court missionary, is now the secretary of the Howard Association, and is clearly a man who sees straight and thinks for himself. So that when he tells us that free soup makes tramps, that the Salvation Army with its shelters, bridges, elevators, and homes is an economic failure—"shipwrecked humanity passes over bridges that do not lead to any promised land, and abject humanity ascends with elevators that promptly lower them to depths on the other side"—and the submerged are still with us. When he tells us that the Briton's plan of helping the poor is a wretched makeshift in spite of the approval of royalty and the applause of the public, and that the state and the courts are deliberately turning out a generation of undersized, unfit starvelings, a constantly growing army of unemployed unemployables—whether or not it goes against the grain of our notions, it is just as well to hear him out.

Mr. Holmes presents the dweller in the underworld as his friends of many years. They are good and bad, most of them mixt, as we all are; the police know a good many of them, but on the whole Mr. Holmes prefers a rascal to a human jellyfish. The chances of reaching him are better. Nine times out of ten it is weakness, not wickedness, that makes the criminal, is the testimony of our prison chaplains and wardens, and in it Mr. Holmes concurs unreservedly.

With that as the key-note, he shows us the underworld, peopled from many sources: "Widows with their children are promptly kicked into it; others descend into it by a slow process of social and industrial gravitation. Some descend by the path of moral delinquency, and some leap into it as if to commit moral and social death. Easy the descent, but how hard the climb out of it, hardest of all for the toiling widow. Here is a word to the just now militant women of the upper world, many of whom, he says, are thoughtless, if not unjust, in their business dealings with other women.

"Let me ask them not to exact all their labor, nor to allow the extremities of their sisters to be a reason for underpayment when useful service is rendered. Votes they may have if you please. But by all that is merciful let us give them justice. For the underpayment of women has a curse that smites all the way 'round."

And he shows them to us at work in their homes. "In the Bastille the passages are very narrow, and our shoulders sometimes rub the slimy moisture from the walls. On every landing in the semidarkness we perceive galleries running to right and left. On the little balconies children of the underworld are gasping for air through iron bars." Here they live and die, principally die, it appears, but what matter: "There are three hundred suites of box-rooms in this Bastille, which means that three hundred families live like ants in it. In this one lives a blind match-box maker and his wife with their seven children. The father has gone to take seven gross of boxes to the factory, for the mother can not easily climb the stone stairs to the Bastille. So she sits everlastingly at the boxes; the beds are covered with them, the floor is covered with them, and the air is thick with unpleasant moisture. One, two, three, four, there they go over her shoulder to the bed or the floor. On the other side of the table sits a child of four who, with all the apathy of an adult, if not with equal celerity, gums or pastes the labels for his mother. The work must be 'got in,' and the child has been kept at home to take his share in the family toil."

A sigh from one of them: "Oh, that it should take so long to kill some of us." Her education was begun in England, we hear, "and finished on the continent. Were I to mention the name of her mother hearts would leap, for the name lives in song and story. But her parents died and left no competence, her health failed, and teaching became impossible. Now she is a trousers finisher, and earns one penny per hour. Sometimes she lies on her bed while at work. By and by she will not be able to earn her penny per hour, then there will be 'homelessness' but not the workhouse for her." One can not repress the question, "What ails England that no other provision is made for her than giving her 'a hospital letter'?" New York would not let the daughter of her mother starve at one penny an hour, not for a single day.

In London's underworld, says Mr. Holmes, there are at least 50,000 women whose earnings do not exceed three half-pence—three cents—per hour, whose lives are spent in hovels in which a decent farmer would not house his cattle, who slave when at work, and starve when there is none. Patience, fortitude, and endurance that inspire Mr. Holmes are theirs. Happily these virtues sometimes exasperate him, too, as they do the reader of his book. They make one think of casting pearls before swine. That is not polite to the rest of us? Well, I was not thinking particularly about being polite. I was thinking of the Pecksniffian newspapers that are always damning with faint praise every effort for social justice, if they are not squarely blocking it. Years ago, when I wrote "How the Other Half Lives," they wanted to know how I thought society was to blame for it all. No doubt they will ask Mr. Holmes the same question.

Well, he tells them that in London, as in New York, it pays to let miserable slums to sodden humanity, and that vested interests rise up to smite him who tries to solve the question of housing the poor in a real way. And yet it lies at the root of the whole matter. Said a notable clergyman to Mr. Holmes of some horrid slum from which he drew an income: "But I can not help it. I have only a life-interest in it." Mr. Holmes would give life-interests in rotten-house property short shrift by burning the festering places. But he can not do it. He can only point out how the evil grows and feeds on itself; how the feeble life the greater the progeny since nature will take of herself, and how out of it all comes a stunted, shriveled race, physically, morally, and intellectually, an inevitable wreck for the nation.

The courts, the reform-school boards, the Government help it on. In England, it seems, no boy between eight and sixteen can be sent to a reformatory or a training-school when he comes into collision with the law, unless he is physically sound. The school boards won't let them. To prison they go, all of them. A thief they will take to train, a hunchback never. The moral hump is tolerated, patronized, the physical never. The colonies want only healthy boys; the feeble and stunted stay. They go from prison to prison, and always down. The authorities know it, Mr. Holmes knows it, the Home Secretary knows it, and sends memoranda to the courts about it that merely make them tired, and him, too, and nothing ever comes of it. The thing goes on. "It is so much easier, and therefore so much better, to thrust the underworld, youthful and adult, into prison and have done with them, than it is to pursue a sane but a little more troublesome method that would keep thousands of the poor from ever entering prison."

There is plenty of food for thought in Mr. Holmes's book, and ever the angry stone fist shows in the background. He has his plans for betterment. They include deal-

* Holmes, Thomas. *London's Underworld*. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ing with tramps and idlers with a strong hand, the training of them to industry in farm colonies, compelling house-builders to give their tenants' children as much breathing-space in their homes at night as they have by day in the schools. The grief and wonder of it all is that they should have been vainly urged so long. He thinks that tenant houses should be licensed to hold so many tenants and no more. Reformers thought the same way in New York twenty-five years ago, but the landlords prevailed. Since then the crowding in our tenements has nearly doubled. "Let no one be downhearted about new schemes for housing the poor not paying," observes Mr. Holmes. "Why, everything connected with the poor, from the cradle to the grave, is a source of good profit to some one, if not to themselves."

What he has to say about providing play for the youth out of school as well as in it, has the right ring, and so has all his advice. It is sane. Decidedly, Mr. Holmes is worth while.

NOTABLE RECENT FICTION

Palmer, Frederick. *Over the Pass*. Pp. 438. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912. \$1.35 net.

This is a book that will fit exactly into the summer library. It has the excitement and thrills of melodrama, the fascination of the untamed West, the conventional call of the cultured East, and an appealing hero and heroine, pursued by fate and several kinds of villains. Jack Wingfield, unconscious of the mystery and tragedy connected with his early life, has spent five years in the West in pursuit of health, and finally reaches Arizona where he meets Jasper Ewold and his daughter Mary who were there for the same purpose. The meeting of the young people is unusual and is an introduction to the trouble that is to pervade the story with excitement and scenes of vivid drama. Mr. Palmer has written a vigorous and clear-cut story particularly in his description of Mr. Ewold—"the Doge," Jack calls him—who knows enough about the Wingfield family to make him dread Jack's presence and influence. Tho there is nothing startling or new in the plot, the telling is breezy and the action swift enough to give it popularity. The enmity between Jack and Pete Leddy, with its attendant gunplay, keeps excitement intense and the reader at close attention. The hero tries to forget the lure of the West and Mary in his duty to his father and the Eastern millions, but his New York experiences only serve to disgust him with the restrictions of wealth and he returns to his love and freedom after a fight which makes him victor morally as well as physically in the final solution of the problem.

Connolly, James Brendan. *Wide Courses*. Pp. 336. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912. \$1.20 net.

There are eight short stories in the present collection by a well-liked and well-known author, all vigorous, rousing tales of adventure on land and sea and in all countries. The author is slightly theatric in his devices, he uses some rather hackneyed themes and in some of his pathetic incidents the point becomes slightly obscured, but, in most cases, the treatment is virile and the results are attained by direct and definite methods. Perhaps the stories would not bear too close an analysis on the

subject of plausibility, but why analyze when the reading gives pleasure, touches the heart, arouses sympathy for the good, hatred for the vicious, and convinces the reader of the sincerity of the writer and his knowledge of the heart and mind of the rough but honest man of the sea. "Laying the Hose-Pipe Ghost" gives a laughable but clear conception of the terrible results of too much formality and red tape, and each story is pleasant to read and well worth reading.

Bosher, Kate Langley. *The Man in Lonely Land*. Pp. 182. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1912. \$1 net.

The "Man in Lonely Land" was forty years old, but he didn't know why he was lonely—he just did not care for conventional society and *did* love his dog. But the dog died and, just at the psychological moment, there came to visit his sister a charming Southern girl, with whom he proceeded to fall desperately in love in spite of himself. Sister's precocious daughter plays an important part in the story and tells some very illuminating facts which enliven the narrative but involve the lovers in some complications. The story is pretty,—just because it is a love-story, but the technic is a bit crude and the plot lacks originality and contains too many hackneyed situations. There is so much about Christmas in the development of the story that it would make a seasonable book for the holidays, but is a little out of line with the summer's literature. "Uncle Winthrop" is a persistent man and tenaciously holds to his courtship until Claudia is convinced that her Virginia home, dear as it is, is not home without the "one man," and she finally promises to make his life a "land that is not lonely because it has love."

Bangs, Mary Rogers. *High Bradford*. Pp. 223. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912. \$1.20.

High Bradford was a Cape Cod seaport fifty years ago and Miss Bangs has written its life in such a realistic way that the reader easily visualizes the shifting sands, the stretches of sea, and the rush of the tireless winds. In a quiet, unobtrusive manner, the life of the villagers is depicted, quaintly and delightfully. The old people with their traditions, the young people and their romances, the foibles and the virtues of characters are woven into such an intimate life as to remind us of "Cranford" or "Pratt Portraits." There is tragedy as well as comedy in the seemingly uneventful lives, and, more than all else, an atmosphere vivid and picturesque. The lives of Polly and Rachel—their loves and disappointments, hold the reader with a sympathetic grasp and Polly's pathetic and untimely death seems like a personal loss to the reader. The book is sweet, dignified, and fascinating with no resorting to theatrical devices or startling episodes—the fascination of real life in a typical seaport-town.

Atherton, Gertrude. *Julia France and Her Times*. Pp. 633. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912. \$1.35 net.

If there is one word that will successfully characterize Mrs. Atherton's work, it is "complete," and we realize it especially after reading her new suffrage novel, "Julia France." She leads up to her subject so gradually that its story has its grip on the reader fast by the time he realizes it is a "suffragette" story, and then even an "anti" would read to the end for the

satisfaction of the development of a clever plot seriously and carefully worked out. It is not for the reviewer to question Mrs. Atherton's premises or criticize her conclusions, only to chronicle the appearance of a notable book—big in quantity and quality. Mrs. Edis had not left the Island of Nevis for twenty years, and, believing in astrology and the occult, she married her unsophisticated, eighteen-year-old Julia to a middle-aged dissipated roué, just because he was a prospective Duke and "destiny" had said that Julia was to be a Duchess. Then come revelations: London life, new friends of all kinds, and a horrible married life with a brute already in the throes of incipient madness, and an awakening of mind and heart under the influence of men and women imbued with the new ideas and active in the "woman's war." The author develops her heroine slowly but most consistently, and omits no detail that adds to the completeness of her plot. Julia's sojourn in India where she learns self-control and hypnotic suggestion from Hadji Sadra becomes a logical expression of her inherited fondness for the occult. Harold France finally lands in the insane asylum and Julia devotes her time and limited income to the suffrage movement, and it is only in this part of the book that we get the well-known suffrage arguments. Finally, when our heroine has gained a reputation as a clever speech-maker and a devoted partizan of the cause, her own love-story comes and she proceeds to fall in love most genuinely and completely. In the final solution of the problem the book would indicate that its author believed that suffrage enthusiasm does not exclude happy wives and mothers since all her "types" are represented as successes in both those rôles as well as on the platform. The reader must judge for himself both in regard to the strength and efficiency of the arguments used and the conclusions reached, but all will agree that it is a cleverly constructed book and worthy of its distinguished author.

Von Hutten, Bettina. *Sharrow*. Pp. 458. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1912. \$1.30.

There had always been a "Sandy of Sharrow"—red-headed, big-bodied, and strong—and it is the family pride in the name and all it stands for that is the underlying motive throughout this story. The hero is a Sandy, but not the "Sandy of Sharrow," because of the loss of a marriage certificate, but his innate love and appreciation of the Sharrow type, and the tacit bond of sympathy between him and his great-uncle, the present head of the house, attract and hold the reader's interest through the varied vicissitudes of fortune and misfortune in which Sandy is involved before he comes into his own. On the romantic side of the story, neither the characters nor the treatment is as satisfactory, and Viola, Maggie, and Maria play rather disgusting parts in the development of the plot, but Sandy's beautiful devotion to his younger brother, his family pride, and the silent influence of the one sweet wholesome girl in the story are finally successful and the reader is satisfied.

Wells, Carolyn. *A Chain Of Evidence*. Pp. 324. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1912. \$1.25 net.

A detective story mixt with romance of the "love-at-first-sight" variety makes

(Continued on page 114)

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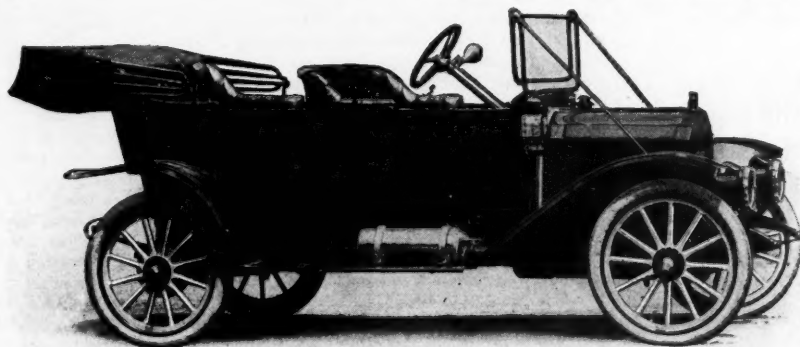
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 112)

this story peculiarly interesting to those who enjoy the solution of mysteries, and the pursuit of murderers. When old Robert Pembroke was found dead in bed, the physician soon found that there were suspicious circumstances which must be investigated and the young lawyer across the hall—already attracted by the beauty of old Pembroke's niece—volunteers his services when he realizes that circumstances involve her in suspicion. The door being securely fastened, and windows locked, make the problem a very serious one, but Otis Landon, our lover-lawyer, finally calls in Fleming Stone of Sherlockian perspicacity, and he tracks the villain and exonerates the fair heroine.

Coulevain, Pierre de. Eve Triumphant. Pp. 459. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912. \$1.25.

We are willing to yield to the clever woman, who writes under the name of "Pierre de Coulevain," our admiration for her brilliancy of narrative and her graphic pictures of social conditions in different countries, but, as loyal Americans, we are not quite willing to acknowledge that her conception of the American character is trustworthy. That criticism, however, does not detract from the merit of the story as a story, nor from the value of the information she manages to impart in the course of her development of her plot. Her portrayal of character is vivid and she evidently knows a certain type of Americans when she says:—"They pride themselves more on being branches of old rotten trees in Europe than of belonging to the vigorous new shoots which have sprung up in America." Often, in her reflections, the author cites just the vital difference that exists in national characteristics, but we feel that she sacrifices the normal life of her people sometimes to make them illustrate her theories. Her story is of two American women in Europe with husband and sweetheart left at home and their dramatic experiences when yielding to a foolish admiration for titled foreigners. The book illustrates the dangers of flirtation and the certainty that "he who plays with fire will get burned."

Maxwell, W. B. In Cotton Wool. Pp. 441. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1912. \$1.30 net.

The title of this novel is fairly descriptive, but there is nothing about it to indicate the entirely unusual plot and motive of the story. Everything about it is subservient to the one dominating character, Lenny Calcraft—"who has wrapt himself in cotton-wool and evaded the shocks and perils of active existence"—and people and episodes exist only in their contributing influence in the development or degeneration of his character. The author has made startlingly clear the conception of a man of utter selfishness, reared in wealth, fed by the undeserved adulation of those about him, pretending, even to himself, to lead a life of sacrifice and abnegation while really sacrificing everybody and everything to his intense egoism. Wealth, idleness, and self-complacency smother honor, love, and ambition, and all his qualities of manhood, which gradually wither and die, leaving only a husk of the man who might have had everything that

makes a man really fine in this wonderful world. It is a stimulating theme, but not a pleasant one, and is worked out with a faithfulness and intensity that deserve commendation. It is as much a one-character story as Emerson Hough's "John Rawn," but deals with an entirely different type of man. It is alike a truthful depiction and a serious warning.

Phillips, David Graham. The Price She Paid. Pp. 379. New York and London: D. Appleton & Company. 1912. \$1.30.

It seems hardly fair to Mr. Phillips's reputation to publish books found among his papers at the time of his untimely death, when it is to be supposed he had considered them, in some way, unworthy or incomplete. "The Price She Paid," for instance, has many good points and may have been written with a definite idea of working out some particular thought, but in continuity and motivation, it is not finished enough to be satisfactory. Mildred Gower, the heroine, was largely what her environment made her and she had so many disgusting relatives that we wonder that she had any good traits; nevertheless her cold-blooded, heedless selfishness is not attractive or instructive. She accepted General Siddall, a repulsive character, simply to acquire luxury and ease, but finding that she was not allowed to handle any money herself, she left him and decided to be independent. How that "independence" involved compromising conditions and questionable friends comes near to illustrating "the easiest way," but an innate desire for a "career" finally forces her to the knowledge that fitness is the basis of success, and after sacrificing her selfish loves, and her nearest approach to an honest one, she becomes an operative star and is "perfectly happy."

Merwin, Samuel. The Citadel. Pp. 409. New York: The Century Co. 1912. \$1.25.

This is a most opportune time for a "Romance of Unrest," that is directly in line with the progressive and radical movement of the "New Democracy." John Garwood, a young congressman, breaks away from party allegiance and the machine boss when he finds that he is not supported in his honest fight for the political and industrial independence of the people. The very speech which antagonizes his constituents also attracts the attention of Margaret Lansing, a clerk in the biological bureau of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, a young woman of intellect, attractive personality, and strong convictions concerning suffrage and the new woman, who encourages him to go on, even to fight single-handed against the "citadel of reaction and restraint—the Constitution." Young Garwood's break is complete, even with his fiancée, and he finally runs for office, aided only by a few loyal friends of Socialistic tendencies and always under the inspiration of Margaret's friendship, which ultimately ripens into love. It is the campaign story that reveals the dramatic, ugly, and amusing features of a political fight; and here the author shines in handling the political problems with clearness and power. It is not an original thought that our Constitution was made for conditions and people, who no longer exist as such, but it is a thought well elaborated. "It's the first idea that I'm afraid of more than anything else in

(Continued on page 116)



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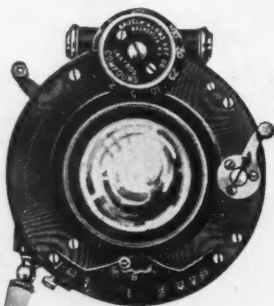
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Dealers: Write for "Help Sell" plan

FOR MOTOR BOATS

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 114)

the world . . . human life keeps moving on and on. Every time you get a scheme of managing it worked out, this puzzling, intricate balance of relations and reactions, that we call life, moves calmly out from under it. I really don't see much hope until we find some way of moving on with it." The story of the comradeship, love, and marriage of John and Margaret is absorbingly interesting, but the merit of the book lies in its political exposition.

Grant, Robert. The Convictions of a Grandfather. Pp. 289. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912. \$1.25 net.

No one questions Judge Grant's ability nor his power to write a pleasant and instructive book, but it is difficult to describe the present volume in any definite way. Every question of current interest or vital problem of everyday life comes up for discussion in this family circle which consists of the "progressive grandfather" of advanced years and ideas, his wife, children, and grandchildren, friends and neighbors. There seems to be no attempt to settle any of the questions discussed, only to present the different phases fairly and with variety enough to be entertaining. The author's experience in legal procedure makes what he has to say about wills, their making and breaking, particularly valuable, and his suggestions for the abbreviation of red tape forceful. Relative wealth, the wrongs of both labor and capital, inheritance taxes, the standard of American womanhood, questions of divorce, and insurance of employees—each takes its turn as the topic for animated conversation, but convictions, if there are any, will be those of the reader. Of all the arguments that appear in this well-written and readable book, none is more suggestive than that in regard to the new woman and her problem: "I am constantly surprised that the clever American women who are perpetually agitating some issue do not unite and grapple with this most vital and threatening of all modern feminine problems (the servant problem)."

Kingsley, Florence Morse. Wilhelmina Changes Her Mind. Pp. 192. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1912. \$1.

If Mrs. Kingsley did not tell her stories with such a crisp and amusing style, that carries the reader along in spite of herself, Wilhelmina would be discarded before she had a chance to change her mind, for a more utterly thoughtless and irresponsible young lady would be hard to imagine. Plausibility, however, comes to be of little importance as you follow the heroine in her merry vagaries and rather unusual follies. First she wouldn't marry Jimmy Bigelow, and then she did, for perfectly selfish reasons, and there are some laughable episodes when she locks him out of the house. It all ends as you know it must, but not just in the way you anticipate. The book is just a bit of irresistible whimsical nonsense to charm away a few leisure hours.

Van Vorst, Marie. The Broken Bell. Pp. 277. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1912. \$1.

The analogy of a scarred soul, out of tune with life and love, with the bronze bell whose broken metal was recast until its tone was again unblemished, is a theme artistic and of passionate appeal, particularly in a setting of Italian atmosphere

and with the charm of the spirit of romance. The Contessa Sant Alcione had every reason for unhappiness—a self-confessed unfaithful husband, and a consuming grief at the loss of her little son, who had been her one delight and comfort in her loneliness—but she found it possible to recast the fissured life, and the story of her flight, her temptation, and her resistance to the alluring and almost overpowering love offered her, makes exciting reading. It is a love-tale with the fascination of the real heart-drama, depicting the struggle between the spirit and the flesh, and illustrates the extraordinary resisting strength of innate purity.

OTHER BOOKS OF THE SEASON

Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. Herbert Fisher, Gilbert Murray, J. Arthur Thomson, and William T. Brewster, Editors. 16mo, about 250 pp. each. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents per volume, by mail 56 cents.

This series of excellent books on topics of real interest to studious persons is not inappropriately described as "a series of absolutely new, readable, and specially written books, in which subjects of timely importance are treated by men of world-wide reputation." The aim has been to make use of the latest thought and research, and to present each subject comprehensively. Thus far have been issued forty-seven volumes, but the aim is to produce an even hundred. They will be grouped under such headings as Literature and Art, Philosophy and Religion, History, Natural Science, and Social Science, but each volume will be sold separately. Among the notable writers are A. G. Bradley, on Canada; Professor William P. Trent, on American literature; Hilaire Belloc, on the French Revolution, and Mrs. J. R. Greene on Irish nationality.

Martindale, Thomas. Sport Indeed. With illustrations from photographs by the author. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

Mr. Martindale has here produced a personal narrative of his own adventures on many a well-fought hunter's field. His camping-grounds have ranged from Moosehead Lake to North Dakota. The caribou and the bull moose alike have received his shots. Nor has he disdained the wild duck. Mr. Martindale writes with the true spirit of a lover of the woods, and of sport with rod and gun. The pictures admirably supplement the text.

Descriptive and Pictorial Review of the Luncheon and Reception Given by the National Biscuit Company, on September 9, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. Oblong 8vo, profusely illustrated. Published in Kansas City.

It is rather unusual that a man absorbed in a purely commercial and manufacturing pursuit should find a hobby in rare books and fine bindings. President A. W. Greene, of the company which, in this volume, celebrates a recent business festivity, has caused to be produced an interesting specimen of printing, half-tone work, and binding. The crushed levant in which the book is bound has for its decoration a Grolier design. Mr. Greene is a Grolier enthusiast. He has carried it so far that the design on one of the packages containing a product of his factory was borrowed from Grolier, and has thus been carried into millions of homes. The color of the levant in the present volume is brown, the stamping being in gold. Brown watered silk is used for the lining, with brown fly-leaves of hand-made Italian paper. The type and



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Pure grape juice—the rich unsweetened, undiluted essence of finest Concord grapes, such as you get in Armour's Grape Juice—is far more than just the cool, delicious refreshing beverage you generally save for company.

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—because it is a wonderful natural tonic—blood building and energy yielding—an aid to digestion and to appetite—

—qualities which Nature stored away in the grape, which come to you in all their natural purity in

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initials are in a style that prevailed in Grolier's time.

People's Books. Ten volumes. Cloth, 18mo, about 100 pages each. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. 20 cents each.

These ten volumes are the first installment in a series which, when completed, will comprize at least sixty, with others likely to follow. The aim is a comprehensive one. First there will be a collection of twenty-four volumes on scientific topics by eminent living writers, then a series of eleven on philosophy and religion, as many more on history, with others on social and economic topics, and finally a series of nine on literary subjects, some of these biographies, others selections from standard literature. The volumes are attractively printed and bound, and are inexpensive.

Colby, Frank Moore, Editor. Churchill, Allen Leon, Associate Editor. The New International Year Book. A Compendium of the World's Progress for the year 1911. 8vo, pp. 808. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1912.

The editors have continued this year-book on the same plan that was followed successfully in former years. It is now in its fifth yearly volume. As no essential change has been made in the plan or scope, full justification is given to that plan and scope. It is justly claimed by the editors that the work differs from all other annual volumes at present published in the English language in being "encyclopedic in range and method, and not confined to special fields or to a single country." An examination of the book shows at once how comprehensive and yet precise is the information contained in it. A student of recent events would find the volume interesting to read at any time.

Marquis, Albert Nelson. Who's Who in America. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. Volume VII. 1912-1913. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.

With the appearance of a new edition of this indispensable office handbook, comment can scarcely proceed further than in former years, except that emphasis may be laid on the additional matter contained in it. Each year the volume grows thicker. One can see also how each year, with new demands for admission to this company of the elect, the editorial difficulties increase. The faculty of condensation, no less than the faculty of saying "no" definitely, is more and more called into place. The volume as it now stands makes available to those who possess a complete file of the seven published volumes, nearly 25,000 sketches. This, of course, means that in the present volume are many cross-references to sketches that appeared in previous volumes, of persons who are no longer living, or who for other reasons are no longer included. With all such allowances made, the present volume contains over 10,000 more names than the first contained, or considerably more than double. The increase in names since the last volume is 1,248. In the matter of pages the present volume shows an addition of 204.

Rehearsal.—"Pop, I want to leave the farm and go on the stage."

"My boy, that's a good idea. One of the best-paying acts in vaudeville last season was a wood-chopping turn. Suppose you grab that ax and practise up."—*Kansas City Journal.*

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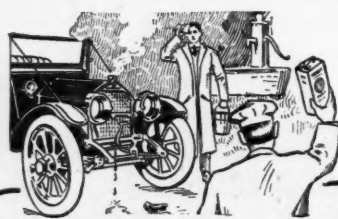
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

FORTUNES MADE IN BASEBALL

WHILE all "fandom" is more or less familiar with the names of the magnates who own the major-league baseball teams, the romantic side of the national sport as a business is not widely known. Preferring to keep their teams in the glare of fame, the magnates do not like press-agents to advertise their own personalities and their business activities. About the only times they receive public attention are when they buy star players for huge sums. The stories of how some of these men have risen to positions of great power in the baseball world, and acquired fortunes running far into the millions, are told in *McClure's Magazine* by Edward Mott Woolley. The entire history of baseball as a business for even a brief period would fill a large volume, and consequently Mr. Woolley had to pick out a few of the most interesting stories for his article. One of the most important of these is an account of how John T. Brush fought his way up and finally acquired the New York National League team—considered the most valuable baseball team in the world. We read:

John T. Brush—this man acts with the rapidity of lightning, and stakes thousands on his judgment and on the skill of his manager, John J. McGraw—began his baseball career twenty-five years ago, when he invested twenty-five dollars in an Indianapolis ball team. Mr. Brush was a clothing merchant in that city then—indeed, he still retains his interests there, altho he is virtually a New Yorker. Originally he was interested in the game chiefly because it advertised business in Indianapolis; but the fever of the sport grew in his veins; it was not many years before he owned his local club. And then began his baseball fairy-story.

Mr. Brush secured a membership in the National League for his Indianapolis team but long afterward received notice that the membership was to be reduced and that he must get out. At this point he first showed himself as a national figure in baseball. He denied the right of the league to evict him, and showed himself such a fighter that he was offered \$20,000 in settlement.

"No," said Brush promptly.

Then he was offered successively \$30,000, \$40,000, \$50,000, and \$60,000 to get out and keep still.

"No," he reiterated.

Finally he compromised for \$76,500 in cash; but even at that he would not relinquish his nominal league membership. He had no club or franchise from the league to play ball, but he kept his voting power, and he was promised the first vacant membership. These league franchises are limited, and often command prices running up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

By a curious turn of fate, the Cincinnati club was expelled the same year for playing

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The oils specified will give the nearest approach to perfect lubrication that you can secure.



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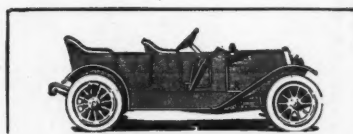
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Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arctic" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit.....	A	A	A	A	A
Alco.....	A	A	A	A	A
American.....	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson.....	A	A	A	A	A
Atlas.....	A	A	A	A	A
Austin.....	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
(6 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
Benz.....	A	A	A	A	A
Bergdoll.....	A	A	A	A	A
Brush.....	A	A	A	A	A
(2 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (1 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
Cartier.....	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.....	A	A	A	A	A
Casa.....	A	A	A	A	A
Chadwick.....	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers.....	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.....	A	A	A	A	A
Cole.....	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia.....	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Coupe Gear.....	A	A	A	A	A
Croston-Keeton.....	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler.....	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq.....	A	A	A	A	A
De Dion.....	A	A	A	A	A
Delahaye.....	A	A	A	A	A
Delahaye-Bellefleur.....	A	A	A	A	A
Elmore.....	A	A	A	A	A
E. M. F.....	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.....	A	A	A	A	A
Flanders.....	A	A	A	A	A
Ford.....	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.....	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm.....	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm-Logan.....	A	A	A	A	A
Hewitt (2 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson.....	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile.....	A	A	A	A	A
International.....	A	A	A	A	A
Interstate.....	A	A	A	A	A
Isotta.....	A	A	A	A	A
Italy.....	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
Kelly.....	A	A	A	A	A
Kline-Kar.....	A	A	A	A	A
Kline-Kar.....	A	A	A	A	A
Krit.....	A	A	A	A	A
Lambert.....	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.....	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia.....	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile.....	A	A	A	A	A
Lozier.....	A	A	A	A	A
Mack.....	A	A	A	A	A
Marion.....	A	A	A	A	A
Marmont.....	A	A	A	A	A
Matheson.....	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell (2 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl.).....	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes.....	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer.....	A	A	A	A	A
Minerva Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell.....	A	A	A	A	A
Moon.....	A	A	A	A	A
National.....	A	A	A	A	A
Olds.....	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile.....	A	A	A	A	A
Overland.....	A	A	A	A	A
Packard.....	A	A	A	A	A
Panhard.....	A	A	A	A	A
Panhard Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Peel.....	A	A	A	A	A
Pennsylvania.....	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow.....	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.....	A	A	A	A	A
Pope Hartford.....	A	A	A	A	A
Premier.....	A	A	A	A	A
Rambler.....	A	A	A	A	A
Rapid.....	A	A	A	A	A
Regal.....	A	A	A	A	A
Renault.....	A	A	A	A	A
Reo.....	A	A	A	A	A
Royal Tourist.....	A	A	A	A	A
Selden.....	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex.....	A	A	A	A	A
Speedwell.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stanley.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stoddard Dayton.....	A	A	A	A	A
Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Thomas.....	A	A	A	A	A
Welch.....	A	A	A	A	A
Welch Detroit.....	A	A	A	A	A
White (Gas).....	A	A	A	A	A
(Steam).....	A	A	A	A	A
Winton.....	A	A	A	A	A

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a game with the rebel organization, the Brotherhood League; then it was that Brush secured the Cincinnati National League franchise for practically nothing. He owned the "Reds" for ten years, selling out to August Herrmann and others for \$146,000.

But Brush's wonder-tale had not yet taken on the real tinge of magic. For a long time he had kept his eyes on the wonder-city, New York, and finally the chance came to buy the Giants from Andrew Freedman, traction financier in the metropolis. The price was something like \$2,000,000, a very low figure for these famous players—famous they were, altho standing eighth on the list at that time. "I'll redeem New York," said Brush. Then he touched the team with his magic wand. It was a wand of business management. If you wish to know the ingredients of business management in baseball, you must study Brush's methods of building up his aggregation of players. It was he, more than any one, who developed this art as it is practised to-day by all modern owners. The scouts from the Giants are scouring the land continually for players whose peculiar abilities, one way or another, fit in with Manager McGraw's analyses of his needs. When McGraw says the word, Brush pays the money—three, four, five thousand dollars for a youngster, ten thousand for a veteran, whatever is necessary to get the man he wants. And then, of course, you must study the Brush financial methods and the enterprise that has given New York, at the Polo Grounds, the most magnificent baseball stadium in the world. "Yet the finest grand stand will not make a successful baseball business," says Brush. "The organization and upbuilding of the team must be given first place. Without this, baseball ownership falls."

With all his aggressiveness and executive ability, Brush is a pathetic figure. Rheumatic ailments have deprived him of the use of his legs, and he is held a practical prisoner in his suite at the Imperial Hotel in New York. But he is one of those men who rise above physical suffering, and for many years he has fought disease as he has battled for pennants. His strong, clean-shaven face shows his character, and his eyes flash the fire of the man who leads. All day he sits in his easy chair, in the grip of his relentless physical enemy, but still master of his business.

The Giants now constitute the most valuable baseball property in the country, being held at more than a million dollars not including the grounds, which are leased. Brush has made immense profits from the team, ranging from \$100,000 to \$300,000 or more annually.

Another million-dollar piece of baseball property is the Chicago National League Club, popularly known as the "Cubs." The acquisition and upbuilding of the team by Charles W. Murphy furnishes one of the most remarkable stories in the history of baseball. Says Mr. Woolley:

From baseball writer in Cincinnati, Murphy was taken up by Brush and made press-agent for the Giants. About this time the Chicago National Bank failed, and its ill-starred president, John R. Walsh, then owner of the Cubs, was in desperate straits for cash. Murphy received a tip on this

situation, and saw a baseball opportunity. He rushed off to Cincinnati and called on Charles P. Taft, owner of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and brother of the President.

"I need a hundred thousand dollars," he told Mr. Taft; "I'd like to borrow it from you."

There are several stories as to what led Murphy to Taft. One story is to the effect that Taft had already purchased baseball stock from "Cap" Anson, and therefore seemed a likely lender. But, at all events, Taft was something of a fan, and was a personal acquaintance of Murphy, who had done baseball for Taft's paper. Besides, Taft had virtual control over a huge fortune; for Mrs. Taft, as the heir to the Sinton estate in Cincinnati, was worth \$20,000,000.

Taft backed Murphy in the purchase of the control of the Chicago Nationals, the price being between \$105,000 and \$125,000. Immediately following this deal came a series of the most extraordinary successes. The first year the Cubs won the league pennant, and the next season captured the world's championship. The profits that year were more than \$165,000. Since then the annual earnings are believed to have been at least \$100,000.

Murphy paid his Taft loan within a year or two, but to-day Mr. Taft is said to hold a quarter of the Cubs' stock.

When the team was bought, so the story goes, Frank Chance, Chicago's famous player-manager, took a one-tenth interest, paying for it with a slip of paper on which he had written: "I O U ten thousand dollars." The first year his dividend was \$9,950.

When Murphy paid this neat little earned profit to Chance, he dug down into his pocket and brought out a fifty-dollar bill. "Here, Frank, we'll make it an even ten thousand," he said.

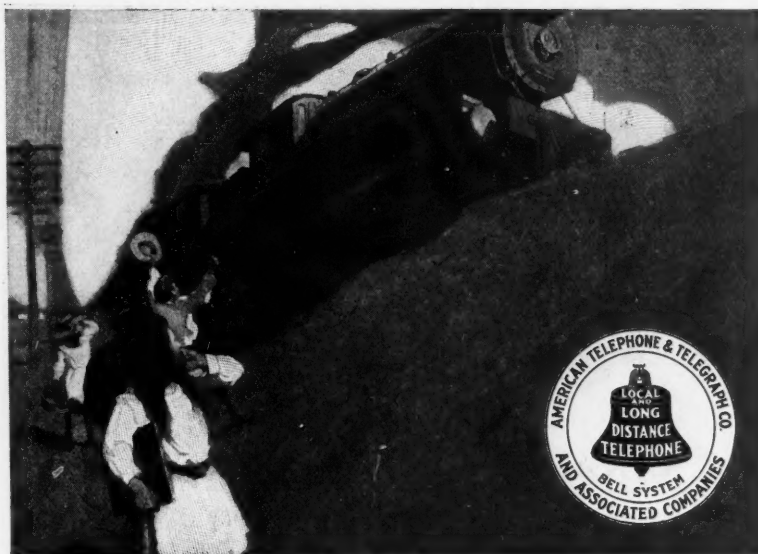
"Thanks," said Chance; "let's go to dinner."

The fifty dollars was spent on the meal, the memory of which brings a watery taste still to Chance and Murphy.

Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pittsburgh "Pirates," is one of the big magnates who have devoted all their interests to baseball. He has extracted a large fortune out of the game. To continue:

From bookkeeper in a distillery to millionaire baseball owner, all within a few years, is his record. The game to him has been a mascot—a sort of fantastic vision come true. And if the secret of his success be sought it will be found right where John T. Brush keeps his secret. Dreyfuss is a marvel himself in the business art of developing a fast team.

In 1881, this "little gentleman," as he is sometimes called, came from Germany, poor and unable to speak English. He got a job in Paducah, Kentucky, and the first week he went to see a scrub ball-game. He was carried away with the sport, and played on an amateur team. His achievements on the diamond interested his distillery employers, who backed him ultimately in the purchase of a club at Louisville. Into this he put \$16,000, but earned a profit of only \$72, which he spent on a dinner for the boys. He had a chance to buy some stock in the Pittsburgh Nationals and, in 1900, he acquired control of the



The Right of All the Way

Railroad service and telephone service have no common factors—they cannot be compared, but present some striking contrasts.

Each telephone message requires the right of all the way over which it is carried. A circuit composed of a pair of wires must be clear from end to end, for a single conversation.

A bird's eye view of any railroad track would show a procession of trains, one following the other, with intervals of safety between them.

The railroad carries passengers in train loads by wholesale, in a public conveyance, and the service given to each passenger is limited by the necessities of the others; while the telephone carries messages over wires devoted exclusively for the time being to the individual use of the subscriber or patron. Even a multi-millionaire could not afford the exclusive use of the railroad track between New York

and Chicago. But the telephone user has the whole track and the right of all the way, so long as he desires it.

It is an easy matter to transport 15,000 people over a single track between two points in twenty-four hours. To transport the voices of 15,000 people over a single two-wire circuit, allowing three minutes for each talk, would take more than thirty days.

The telephone system cannot put on more cars or run extra trains in order to carry more people. It must build more telephone tracks—string more wires.

The wonder of telephone development lies in the fact that the Bell System is so constructed and equipped that an exclusive right of all the way, between near-by or distant points, is economically used by over 24,000,000 people every day.

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club, the distillery backing him, so authorities assert.

A few bits of personal history, related by Dreyfuss for this article, will give the key to his management.

"In the baseball business," said he, "an owner must act quickly and secretly. He does not have time to consult a board of directors. He must act on the jump and talk afterward.

"Once I was down South, and, chancing to miss a train, I went out to see Memphis play Savannah. The score was 21 to 2 in favor of Savannah, and you can imagine that Memphis came in for a sizzling hot roast from the fans. I had been watching the game rather sharply, however, and I had my eye on a Memphis fielder who interested me. After the game, I said to the manager: 'How much do you want for that chap?'

"Maybe I looked a little green; anyhow, the manager sized me up in a queer sort of way and then made up his mind that he'd soak me to the limit. 'I'll take a hundred dollars,' he said, and took a chew of tobacco.

"I had the cash, and I bought that fielder. I've got him to-day. He is Fred Clarke, my manager. The first day he played for me he made five hits.

"At another time I heard of a player up in New York State, and I went up to look him over. On the grounds I met Harry Davis of New York. 'What are you doing up here?' I inquired.

"Oh, said he, pointing to the chap I'd come to see. 'I'm watching that little shrimp play ball. I've got an option on him—but I'll tell you right now I don't want him. He's such a little cuss I would n't tie a can to him.'

"Now, I'm small myself. 'What'll you take for your option?' I asked.

"A hundred dollars," said he, as a joke.

"I fished out the hundred. Then I went to the owner of the club and bought the 'shrimp' for three hundred. In a few weeks I could have sold him for ten thousand dollars. His name is Tommy Leach. I reckon you've heard of Tommy.

"At still another time I heard of a man named Hans Wagner, who was playing with the anarchists up in Paterson, and I sent Clarke up to look at him. Clarke wired me to gobble him; but just at that time Philadelphia got on the line with a bigger offer than I made. Well, the bidding jumped a hundred dollars at a time until Philadelphia quit, and I got Wagner at twenty-five hundred. At that time this was the highest price ever paid for a player. Of course, everybody now knows the great Hans. So you see that the chief factor in baseball success is the ability to pick good players. That's the game the owner plays—and it's a game that turns his hair gray."

But even Dreyfuss, canny baseball man that he is, doesn't buy all his players for a song. Last year he invested \$22,500 in one pitcher, Marty O'Toole. To date, O'Toole has repeated Marquard's early experience of failing to pay dividends on his owner's investment. But Dreyfuss is willing to wait—those dividends may be cumulative.

One of the notable achievements of Dreyfuss is his magnificent Pittsburg stadium at Forbes Field, costing—land and grand stand—about three quarters of a

million. This has done much to make the game popular with the women of the Smoky City.

How the Detroit team as an investment was transformed by the magic touch of two men who knew how to mix business sagacity with enthusiasm is another interesting narrative:

The story of the Detroit "Tigers" would make a good chapter in a baseball fairy-story book. But before this fairy-story began the club had received some bad jolts. S. F. Angus, a railroad man who owned the club in its early days, dropt \$60,000 in it. Then William H. Yawkey bought it, and engaged Frank J. Navin to manage it for him.

"Any time you want a half interest," said Yawkey to Navin, "you can have it." Navin had been bookkeeper for Angus, and had little money himself. There was no written agreement; please remember this, for it is part of the fairy-tale.

The next two years, 1905-6, Yawkey lost \$45,000, while the original investment had been only \$35,000. Then Hugh Jennings, affectionately dubbed "Hughie" throughout the land, was drafted from Baltimore and made bench-manager for Detroit. That year the Tigers won the league pennant, and the profits were \$50,000. It was then that Navin said to Hawley: "I think I'll take formal possession of my half interest."

With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was now \$17,000.

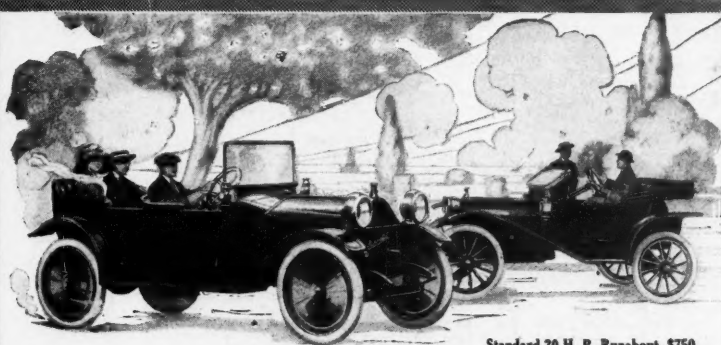
Then, the next year, the Tigers captured the pennant again, and the net profits were \$75,000.

Hugh Jennings was a mascot. For the third time, in 1909, the team finished first, and a great stream of money poured in—more than \$150,000 in clean profits! In 1910 and in 1911 Detroit came out second, and the net earnings of the two years were \$90,000. In five years this team had earned for its owners \$365,000. The grounds, now owned by Yawkey and Navin, are worth \$200,000. Into the stadium has gone, so far, about \$225,000 more. The total value of the club is put at \$650,000. Here at Detroit are exemplified the almost fantastic possibilities of baseball. A story is told about Mr. Yawkey that gives an intimate glimpse of him. One day, while traveling to Cleveland with a crowd of "fans," he fell to arguing about wrestling. To settle a difference of opinion, he observed to "Billy" Lamb, of Detroit:

"I'll give you five thousand dollars, Bill, if you can put me on my back in the aisle of this car."

Billy promptly did it. Yawkey got up, brushed the dust from his clothes, and wrote a check for \$5,000. With the money Lamb started an auto-tire business.

And yet Yawkey, who is only thirty-seven, is a keen business man, and has largely increased the great estate left by his father. It is said that Mr. Yawkey's own holdings in timber, coal, and oil—from which the fortune originally came—are \$20,000,000. But even millions can



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Colgate's Lather is noticeably free from uncombined alkali—the cause of smart and burn. Try it.

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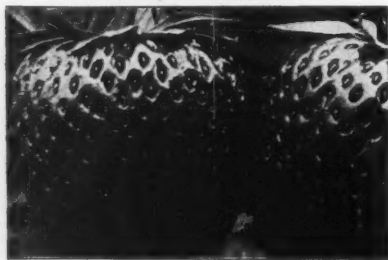
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RECIPE—Beat one-half pound butter and six ounces of sugar to a cream, add six well-beaten eggs and beat thoroughly. Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in a little hot water, add it to two cups molasses; mix and stir into the first mixture; then add six tablespoonfuls Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with one and three-fourths cups water, and one quart and a pint of flour. Beat smooth; add two heaping tablespoonfuls of ginger, mix, pour into well greased shallow pans and bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes.



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not make a pennant-winning baseball team, and back of Detroit's success has been that mystic quality which no mere cash can create.

A STORY THAT HELPED

THE late Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, who was helped into office by a true story, maliciously circulated by his enemies, that he was born in a poor-house, was not the only public man elevated to a position of honor by a bit of early personal history. Mayor Jost, of Kansas City, is a notable beneficiary of this particular kind of a "human-interest" story, altho, in this instance, the work of the press-agent was done with a different motive. Our authority is *The Saturday Evening Post*, which says:

On a hot August night in 1879 a man came to the door of the Five Points House of Industry in New York. He was dirty, ragged, sick. He carried in his arms a two-year-old boy, also dirty and ragged, pale and thin.

"I am Simeon Jost," the man said. "I am the father of this boy. His mother is dead. I can't take care of him. I can't take care of myself. I want to leave him here."

Simeon Jost told how he had married Lena Bahr three years before. The boy was born and christened Henry Lee Jost. Then the mother died, and the father became ill. He heard they took children in at the Five Points House. He brought his boy, left him, and disappeared. Likely as not he died soon afterward.

At any rate, the good people at the Five Points House took care of Henry Lee Jost, fed him and clothed him, and looked after him for two years. His birthday was entered in the book as December 6, 1877. When the boy was four years old, on August 23, 1881, he was sent West with a number of other boys, and found a home with Philip Dale, at Hopkins, Missouri. And now Henry Lee Jost is mayor of Kansas City, Missouri, both because he was a waif, and in spite of it.

It happened this way: One day last March Joe Shannon, who is by way of being the Democratic boss of Kansas City—or one of the bosses—and is chairman of the Democratic State committee, came into the room Jost occupied as assistant prosecuting attorney of Jackson County, where in Kansas City thrives. Jost was busy with his work.

"Morning, Henry!" said Joe.

"Morning, Joe!"

"Henry, quit whatever you are doing and write a speech accepting the Democratic nomination for mayor of this city. We're going to nominate you, and we're going to elect you."

"All right" said Jost; and he began to write his speech. A few days later he walked out on the stage at the city convention and delivered that speech, for he had been unanimously nominated by the Democrats.

There had been considerable search for a man to run for mayor on the Democratic ticket. The leaders had felt out several available citizens, but not one had responded to the feel. They all had other fish to fry. Shannon was out in Missouri,

looking after politics, and went to Nodaway County, which is in the northwestern part.

"There's a young feller down in K. C. who comes from this county," an old resident of Nodaway told him.

"Who's that?" asked Shannon.

"Henry L. Jost, assistant prosecuting attorney or something. What's more, he was brought to this county as a waif from New York about thirty years ago."

Shannon inquired about Jost, and heard his story. All the way back to Kansas City he kept thinking of Jost, and what political possibilities there were in that story of the rise of Jost, a poor boy who won his way to the nomination for mayor of a great city like Kansas City. He knows a thing or two about human interest, does Joe Shannon; and he knows, too, how valuable that factor is in politics. So he had a look at Jost. He found his embryo candidate was not widely acquainted, but that he had no enemies, and had a good, clean record. That settled it. They nominated Jost and elected him. And the waif story had a lot to do with the result.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

"Paw's" View.—WILLIE—"Paw, what is a telling situation?"

PAW—"Any occasion when two or more women meet."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

No Offense.—SHE—"Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet."

HE—"Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know."—*Boston Transcript*.

Confidential.—"Say, what was that story about, Elvira?"

"Well, can you keep a secret?"

"Sure."

"So can I."—*Ulk*.

A Marathon.—"I believe honesty pays in the long run."

"So do I; but I often wish it were not such a mighty long run."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Up to Him.—HE—"If I should kiss you, what would happen?"

SHE—"I should call father."

HE—"Then, I won't do it."

SHE—"But father's in Europe."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

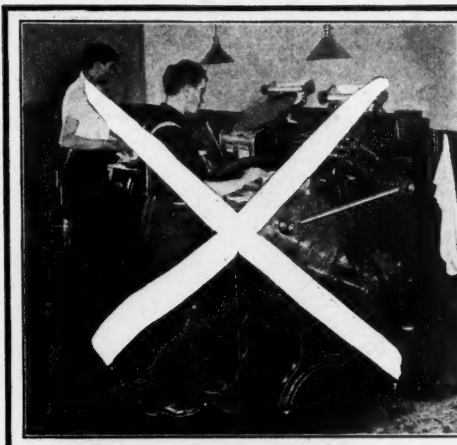
In Practise.—HUSBAND—"Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg."

WIFE—"Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practise."—*London Opinion*.

Congratulated.—PRIZE-FIGHTER (entering school with his son)—"You give this boy o' mine a thrashin' yesterday, didn't yer?"

SCHOOLMASTER—(very nervous), "Well—I'er—perhaps"

PRIZE-FIGHTER—"Well, give us your 'and; you're a champion. I can't do nothin' with 'im myself."—*Punch*.



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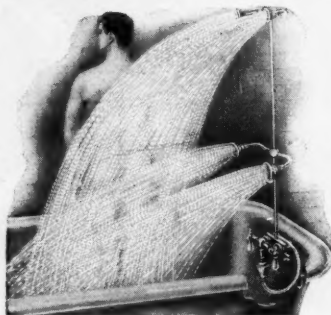
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Easy Money.—"Why don't you marry him, he is rich and old?"

"Old? He may live for ten years yet!"

"Marry him and do your own cooking."

—Houston Post.

Unenthused.—"I was talking to Digby this morning about the latest dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested."

"I should think not! Digby married one."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Long Jump.—A political orator, evidently better acquainted with Western geography than with the language of the Greeks, recently exclaimed with fervor that his principles should prevail "from Alpha to Omaha."—Christian Register.

Good Sign.—EMPLOYER (to his cashier)—"Mayer, I don't know what to think of you; every time I see you, you are asleep."

CASHIER—"Why, sir, surely it's a good sign that I have a clear conscience."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Well, Where?—"I see that a scientist is investigating the origin of the houn' dawg song. A man curious enough to want to know where that originated is a fool!"

"That's right. I wonder where it did originate."—Houston Post.

Practical Suggestion.—"Good-by daughter. I suppose you will get engaged a number of times this summer."

"I suppose so, dad."

"Well, you're getting along. See if you can't make one of them permanent."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Evidence.—"I thought you told me you were paying for an auto?"

"So I was."

"I don't see any auto?"

"You haven't looked in the right place. Go look in my grocer's garage."—Houston Post.

Leading Question.—SHE—"If you could have only one wish what would it be?"

HE—"It would be that—that—Oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be."

SHE—"Well go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"—Boston Transcript.

Obliged Him.—The panhandler met the prosperous man in the corridor of the office-building.

"I am down and out," whined the panhandler. "Can't you help me?"

"Yes," replied the prosperous man. "Just press that button on the elevator there and the operator will take you in and up."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Latest Fad.—"So," said the Goddess of Fortune, "you are weary of steam-yachts and special trains?"

"Yes," replied her especial favorite. "And you have ceased to care for motor-cars and aeroplanes?"

"Entirely."

"Well, what do you desire now?"

"I want to go into a convention with my private steam-roller."—Washington Star.

Doubtful.—"Jones is extremely attentive to his wife."

"Still very much in love with her, eh?"

"Either that, or he is afraid of her."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Dare.—To ~~the~~ **EDITOR**—"Why do the most worthless men often get the best wives?"

ANSWER—"I don't know. Ask your husband."—*Smart Set.*

Their Feeling.—"Well, old sport, how do you feel? I've just eaten a bowl of ox-tail soup and feel bully."

"I've just eaten a plate of hash and feel like everything."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

An Improvement.—"I got a new attachment for the family piano," said Mr. Growcher; "and it's a wonderful improvement."

"What is it?"

"A lock and key."—*Washington Star.*

Wicked, Wicked.—"I suppose your wife was more than delighted at your raise of salary, wasn't she?" asked Jones of Brown.

"I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it," answered Brown.

"How is it that you haven't told her?"

"Well, I thought I would enjoy myself a couple of weeks first."—*Judge.*

Making Sure.—A commercial traveler at a railway station in one of our Southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darkey who served him brought him three.

"Uncle," said the traveling man, "why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darkey, bowing and smiling. "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three, because I just naturally felt dat one of dem might fail you, sir."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Sounds Better.—The feeling of many men with regard to public office is much the same as that which a certain distinguished Frenchman had toward the Academy—that group of forty who are called "the Immortals." He was asked one day why he did not propose his candidacy for the Academy.

"Ah," said he, "If I applied and were admitted, some one might ask, 'Why is he in it?' and I should much rather hear it asked, 'Why isn't he in it?'"—*Christian Register.*

Come to Stay.—Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got up-stairs!"

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



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That's Him.—MRS. GOTHAM—"This paper says a familiar face and form may be recognized at from 50 to 100 meters."

MR. GOTHAM—"Yes, I know; that's the gas-man."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Hint.—"Papa, is it necessary to whip me?"

"You ought to know."

"Well, I sometimes think you don't realize how little good it does me."—*Life*.

Crusht.—HE—"I can trace my ancestry back through nine generations."

SHE—"What else can you do?"

Then he blinked, and looked at her as if he wondered how far he had dropt.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A Clever Bunch.—GABE—"Why do these Mexican rebels always have a battle every Sunday afternoon?"

STEVE—"They know how scarce news is on Monday morning."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

July 7.—The French General Gouraud, with 3,000 men, defeats the Rogui of Sictala, said to have been France's most troublesome enemy in Morocco.

July 8.—The Camorrist trial at Viterbo, Italy, results in the conviction of twenty-six men; the penalties varying from five to thirty years imprisonment; one of the prisoners tries to kill himself on hearing the verdict.

July 9.—While seeking the bodies of thirty victims of a mine explosion in England, fifty persons, comprising a rescue party, are killed by a second explosion.

July 11.—General Monteagudo, commander-in-chief of the Cuban Government troops, formally turns over the government of the province of Oriente to the civil authorities, declaring that the revolution is over.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

July 5.—The Naval Appropriation Bill, carrying \$133,000,000, and a provision for two battleships, is passed by the Senate.

July 9.—Charles D. Hilles, President Taft's secretary, is chosen chairman of the Republican National Committee, and will manage the President's campaign for reelection.

July 11.—The State Department signs an extradition treaty with Honduras, thereby closing the last avenue of escape to criminals on the Western hemisphere.

The House impeaches Judge Robert Archbald by a vote of 220 to 1, and appoints seven managers to appear before the Senate and demand his removal.

GENERAL

July 4.—Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, of Austin, Texas, is elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in session at San Francisco.

July 6.—The convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs refuses to indorse woman suffrage.

July 7.—Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, suffragist leader of Denver, Colorado, dies in San Francisco.

The supporters of Colonel Roosevelt for the Presidency issue a call for a convention to be held in Chicago on August 5.

July 8.—Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, member and formerly chairman, of the Democratic National Committee, resigns.

July 10.—E. T. Fairchild, of Topeka, Kansas, is elected president of the National Educational Association, in convention at Chicago.

"JAKE" STAHL

Manager of the Boston Red Sox, says:

Gentlemen:—I want to get some more of your Silver Collars. Since first called to my notice I have worn them constantly. I certainly appreciate the buttonholes. You're right, they don't tear out.

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The Literary Digest

We regret that we are not equipped to give information on positions as teachers. This service is best rendered by a Teachers' Agency. Readers desiring information on scholarships, free tuition, etc., can obtain the same most readily through their local educational authorities. Most colleges and universities offer various opportunities for self support to deserving students.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnall Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"H. P. O., Vale, Ore.—Among the books on alchemy that will repay perusal are Gen. E. A. Hitchcock's "Remarks on Alchemy and the Alchemists"; Michael Sendivogius's "The New Light of Alchemy." But possibly your needs are amply provided for by Dr. James Hastings's "Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics." There was issued in New York in 1891 "A Catalogue of Works on Alchemy and Chemistry Exhibited at the Grollier Club." A similar publication was issued in Glasgow in 1906. This was in two volumes, and comprized the works on alchemy, chemistry, and pharmaceuticals in the library of James Young of Kelly. In 1894 A. E. Waite published, in London, two volumes on "The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, called Paracelsus the Great."

"A. Se. H., Tacoma, Wash.—The definition of *sabotage* you ask for was printed in THE LITERARY DIGEST for June 15, 1912, page 1280.

"R. E. L., San Francisco, Cal.—The line from Terence, "Te amare cepti perditte," means "I began to love thee desperately."

"J. T. S., Rosemary, N. C.—"Nobody whatsoever" is equivalent to "no person whatsoever." Here "whatsoever" is the formal and solemn form of *whatever*, and means "no matter who," so that the original construction "nobody whatsoever" may be interpreted as "no person whatever," or *no matter who he or she may be*. The term is not incorrect; its use is, however, limited.

"R. P. C., Louisville, Ky.—The uses of "will" in the sentences you cite, indicating, as they do, *determination* to achieve something, are quite correct. On this point kindly consult your STANDARD DICTIONARY, page 1644 and page 2373.

"I. A. C., Milwaukee, Wis.—Kindly read note on anonymous communications printed at the top of this column. Your questions would have had prompt attention had you observed the rule. The word *violin* is correctly pronounced in the United States val'oo-lin—"ai" as in aisle, and "i" as in pin. There is in vogue, in England, the pronunciation val'oo-lin, in which the accent is put upon the first syllable. The proper name *Godard* is subject to the rules peculiar to these. Many English proper names are spelt one way and pronounced another. The name *Godard*, if derived from the Teutonic, would be correctly pronounced in English god'dard—"o" as in not, and "a" as in sofa. If from the French, as its form here suggests, the pronunciation would be go'dar—"o" as in no, and "a" as in dart.

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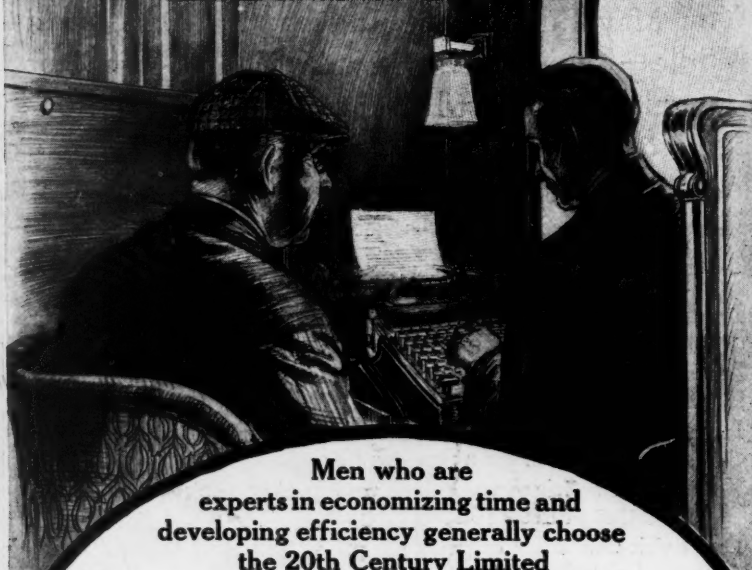
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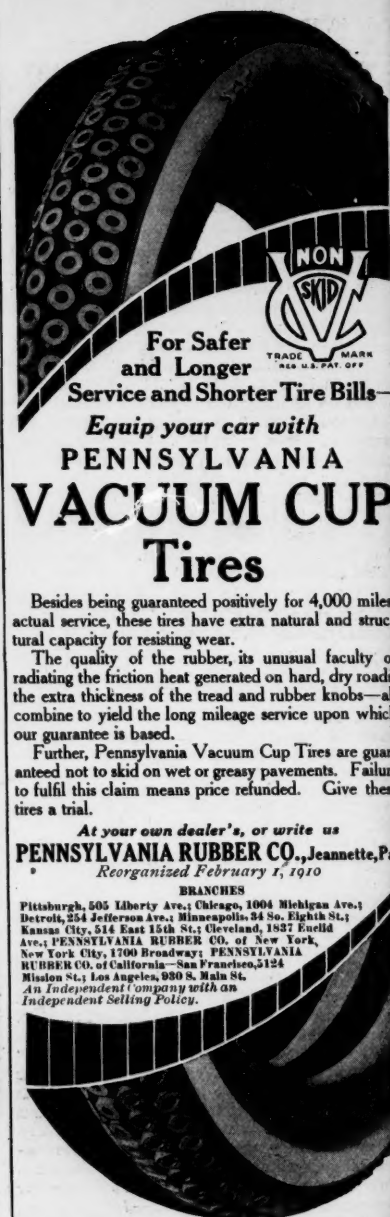
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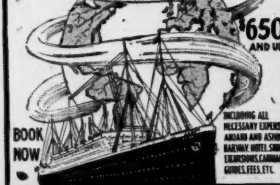
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